The adult illustrated fantasy magazine from the people who bring you the National Lampoon.

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HEAVY METAL™

LES HUMANOÏDES ASSOCIÉS

THEY WERE MADE OF METAL AND HATE. ON THE GIGANTIC PLANET GAIL THEY RAISED THEIR ARROGANT ARCHITECTURE TOWARD HEAVEN AND THEIR EYES, AS BRILLIANT AS THOSE OF WILD BEASTS, TOWARD THE NIGHT. THEIR ENORMOUS HANDS SEEMED TO BE MADE OF THE SAME METAL AS THEIR ARMOR, AND THE TERRIBLE BOOMING OF THEIR VOICES COULD BE HEARD IN THE NIGHT...

THEY WERE ALL MERCENARIES, RENEGADES, CRIMINALS FROM THE ENTIRE GALAXY. THEIR ONLY PLEASURE WAS TO KILL AND TO KILL AGAIN ...THEY MADE AN INFERNO OF WAR FROM THE PARADISE OF FLOWERS AND BIRDS -- THAT WAS THE GIGANTIC PLANET GAIL.

AND OVER ALL OF IT REIGNED IRIAM MERENNEN, ABSOLUTE MASTER OF HIS EMPIRE, A MANIAC, AN UNKNOWN BEING WHO HAD APPEARED FROM NOWHERE. WITH THESE MYSTERIOUS FORTIFICATIONS HE BUILT THIS EMPIRE OF DEATH, SO THAT HE WAS A MENACE EVEN TO THE EMPEROR SHAAN HIMSELF.

IN THESE TIMES OF CHAOS, THE GALACTIC CONFEDERATIONS TORE EACH OTHER TO PIECES, AND SCHEMING POLITICIANS AND GREEDY MERCHANTS LIVED ON A RUINED POPULACE.

BUT A BITTER RESENTMENT WAS GROWING AMONG THESE PEOPLE - IT WAS AN ERA FOR A ZEALOT TO REVEAL HIMSELF. WITH THE HELP OF HIS SPIES, "THE EYES OF THE NIGHT," AND THE MADMEN FROM OTHER OTHER REGIONS, IRIAM MERENNEN WAS DREAMING OF CONQUEST.

THE UNCERTAIN THRONE OF THE EMPEROR AND SUCCESSFUL REBELLIONS ON THE PLANETS OF THE CENTRAL REGIONS RENDERED HIS HOPES PROPITIOUS. TO REALIZE THESE HOPES, IRIAM, LIKE SO MANY OTHERS, RECRUITED THE NUCLEUS OF HIS TROOPS FROM THE MOST FORMIDABLE PRISON IN THE WHOLE UNIVERSE, "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS."

FROM THERE, THE EMPEROR SHAAN HIMSELF DREW HIS BLACK LEGIONNAIRES - FROM THERE, THE RICH MERCHANTS BOUGHT THEIR BODY-GUARDS - AND FROM THERE, OTHERS SNATCHED THE OBJECTS OF THEIR DESIRES, BECAUSE, IN TRUTH, "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS" WAS, UNDER THE LAW'S WINKING EYE, AN ACTUAL SLAVE MARKET, A PLACE OF TERROR, A STAIN DARKER THAN EVEN THE VOID OF THE KNOWN WORLD...

EVERY DAY, SHIPS LEFT GAIL FOR "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS." ONE AND ALL WERE THROWN PELL-MELL INTO THIS PRISON WITHOUT TRIAL -- THIEVES, CRIMINALS, POLITICIANS, MURDERERS, THOSE WHO HAD ONLY COMMITTED THE CRIME OF RAISING THEIR VOICES AGAINST OPPRESSION.
ALL ENDURED THIS APPALLING INCARCERATION. SUICIDE WAS IMPOSSIBLE THERE, BUT

THOSE WHO REFUSED TO SERVE IN THE ARMY WERE LOBOTOMIZED, TURNED INTO VERITABLE ZOMBIES, AND WITH THEIR SOULS DESTROYED, THEY BECAME IN THEIR TURN MACHINES OF DEATH ...
ONE DAY, ON A FAR-OFF PLANET, A CONVOY OF CONVICTS LEFT IN ITS TURN ...
ON YOUR FEET FOR THE ROLL CALL, YOU RABBLE!
CONVICTS, FROM THIS TIME FORTH, YOUR NAMES ARE NULL AND VOID. YOU WILL BE KNOWN BY YOUR NUMBERS. THE BRAND ON YOUR FACE WILL BE YOUR MARK OF STATUS.
PREPARE TO EMBARK!

UH?
HUH?
YOU THERE, THE NEW ONE! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
CHRISTMAS... CHRISTMAS, THE STRANGER...
HUH?
CHRISTMAS, THAT'S THE NAME OF A SHIP!...
THE OTHERS SAY YOUR NAME IS FAMOUS...
BECAUSE OF IT I AM HERE, AND TODAY IT IS MY ONLY NAME...
I AM CALLED CHRISTMAS...
HUH?
UH?
MARCH!
YOU COULD CERTAINLY SAY THEY LOOK AFTER US HERE!!
THEY ENJOY IT... THEY'RE LIKE THAT IN THIS PARADISE!
HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
IT DOESN'T MATTER. I'M HERE, THAT'S ALL.
LOOK OUT!
WATCH IT, YOU DISGUSTING RIFF-RAFF! OR I'LL KISS YOU WITH MY LASER!
HA! HA! BON VOYAGE, MY BOYS! BON VOYAGE AND MAY THE BLACK GUARD WATCH OVER YOU!
YOU AREN'T MY RESPONSIBILITY ANY MORE. YOU'RE OFF TO "ST. MARY OF THE ANGELS," THE PRISON IN THE STARS. DEATH IS ALL YOU CAN HOPE FOR THERE! HA! HA! GOOD-BYE, MY LOVELIES!

To Be Continued...

WORLD APART

THE GOLDEN CITY — BY E.E. DAVIS

OUR WORLD, IT IS A SAVAGE PLACE, FULL TO OVERFLOWING, WITH FIERY THINGS. MANKIND'S LOT IT IS TO PERISH, AND IN TIME, TO ROT AND FEED THE EARTH. WHETHER DEATH COMES ON THE BATTLEFIELD OR BY THE HEARTH, MAN FOREVER DAYDREAMS OF FINDERS OF HELL SNATCHING OUR VERY SOULS, BURYING [illegible] IN A SLIMY PRISON...BYZARD CHRONICLES' AUTHOR

They're all bloody, you see, were. The armies of Perlyon in Pigon have met the opposing armies of Jagg-arr upon the Barrier Plains and have proven themselves to be no exemption....After ten hours of brutality, the plains are strewn with the dead and dying...all save three, that is. One big and brawny beggar. A tall and slender stud in black, and a pink-skinned, white-headed heathen... now making ready to finish off a good day's war.

You consider yourself a soldier--a soldier you surely are. Even the "sword" has been put in hand so dears. You are a mercenary, one who believes without regard for thought.

CONQUERING ARMIES

I WAS A SENTRY

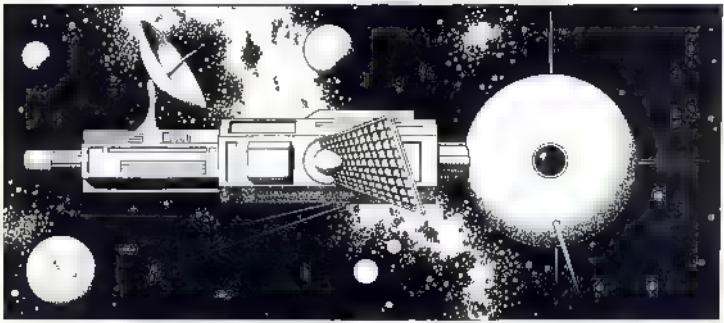
IN THE FOURTH ARMY

WE HAD COME A LONG WAY

AND WE HAD NOTHING LEFT TO EAT
IT WAS THEN THAT THE COMMANDER DECIDED TO LEAVE SENTRIES BEHIND TO WATCH THE ROAD
THE RIGHT WHAT ROAD ?
IN TRUTH WE WERE SO MANY LESS MOUTHS TO FEED.
SOME DESPERATE FELLOWS SURVIVED FOR A WHILE BY THEIR WITS
BEFORE DYING OF HUNGER

AND ONE DAY
IT WAS MY TURN ON DUTY
THAT WAS WHEN I SAW THE ONES WHO WERE FOLLOWING US
THEY ATTACKED IN THE NIGHT, AND I COULD HEAR
CERTAINLY I COULD HAVE PREVENTED IT

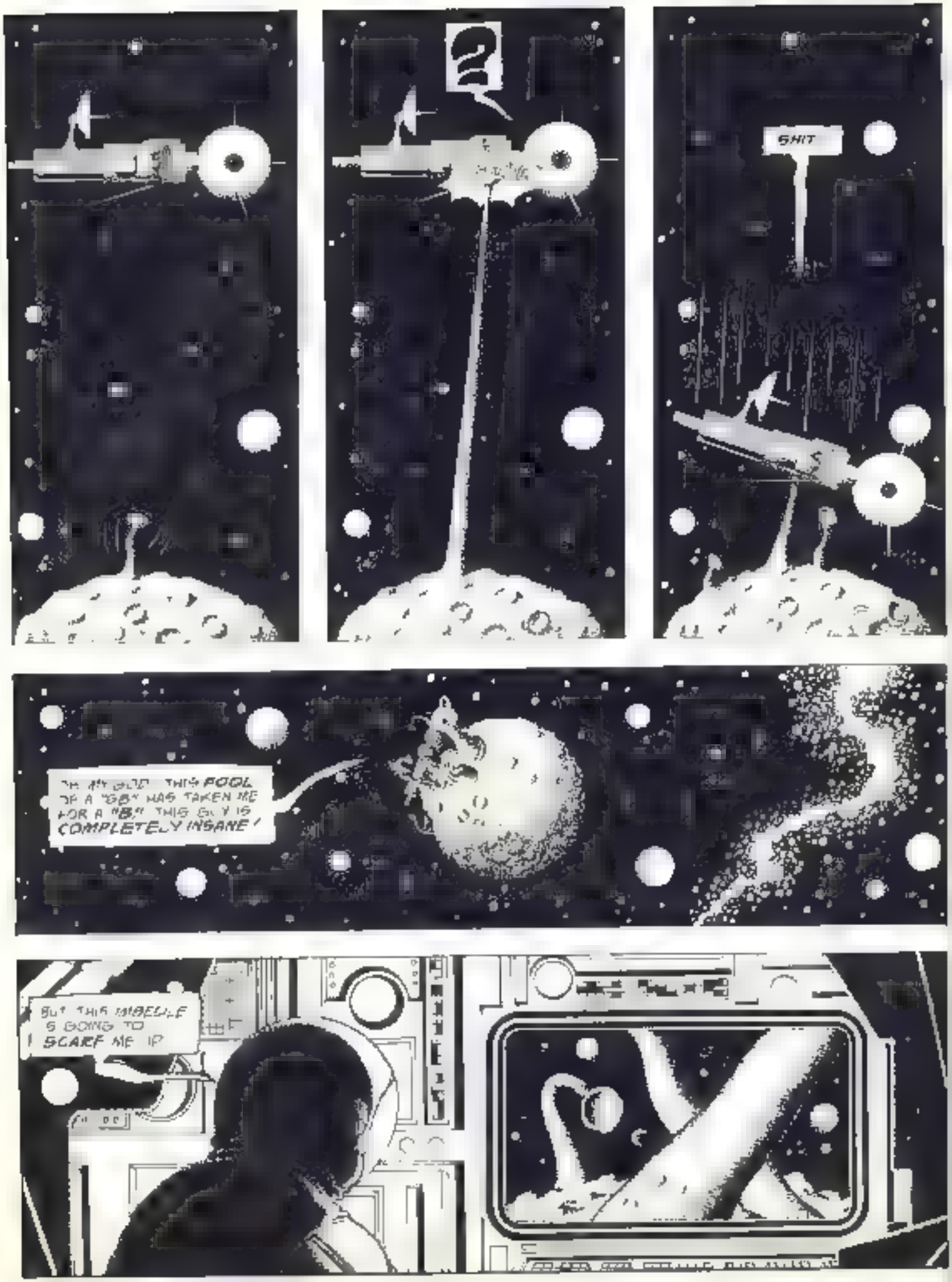
The Vessel

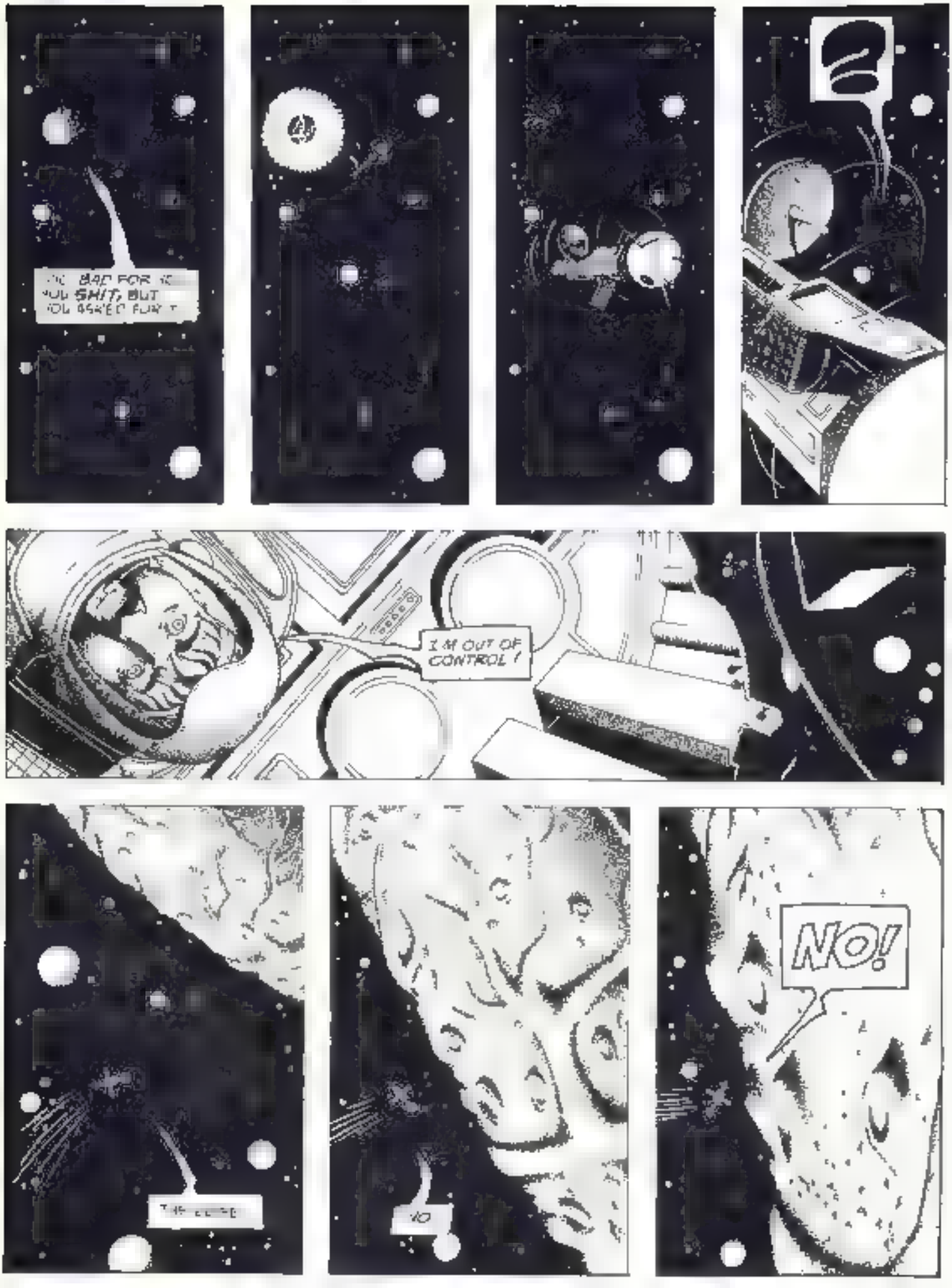


I'M DYING OF BOREDOM!

TWO DAYS IN THIS TUB AND NOT A SINGLE "B" IN SIGHT. THERE'S CERTAINLY ENOUGH "GB" AROUND WHAT'S THIS GUY COMPLAINING ABOUT?

JUST ANOTHER ONE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE "BAR" TO GORGE HIMSELF ON US BY EVERYTHING THAT'S "BAR". SO I SAY, "SCREW THIS DUDE."


?
SHIT
OH MY GOD! THIS FOOL OR A "GB" HAS TAKEN ME FOR A "B"! THIS GUY IS COMPLETELY INSANE!
BUT THIS MISSILE IS GOING TO SCARE ME UP

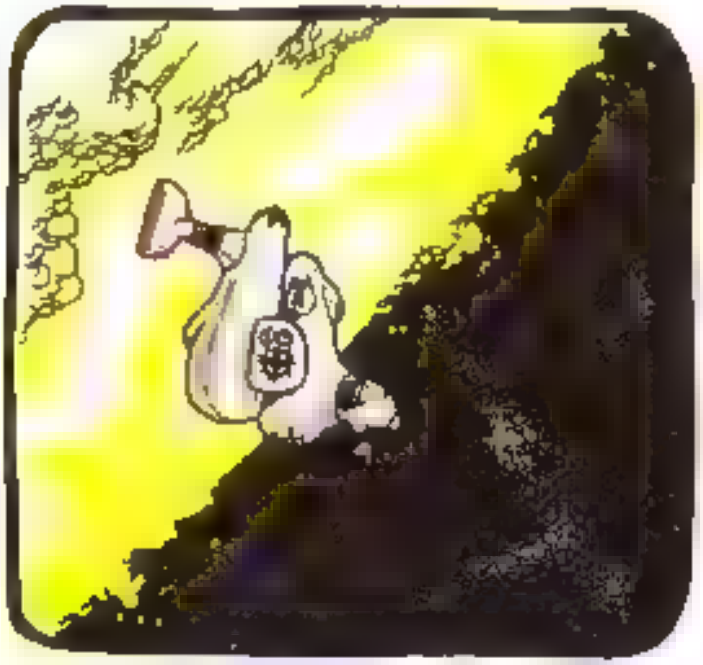

I'M OUT OF CONTROL!
NO!

SPLACC
AAAAAA
EDWARD!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT AT ALL A BLOOD VESSEL SUDDENLY BURST THAT'S WHAT KILLED HIM
SOB, SOB
I ALWAYS SAID HE TOOK FAR TOO MANY ANTIBIOTICS!
THE END
DONWOOD HE 1976

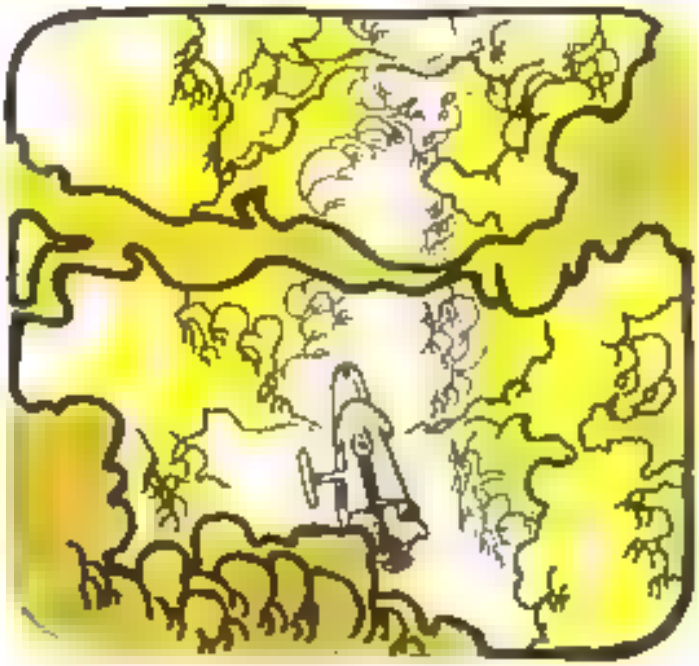
SUNPOT

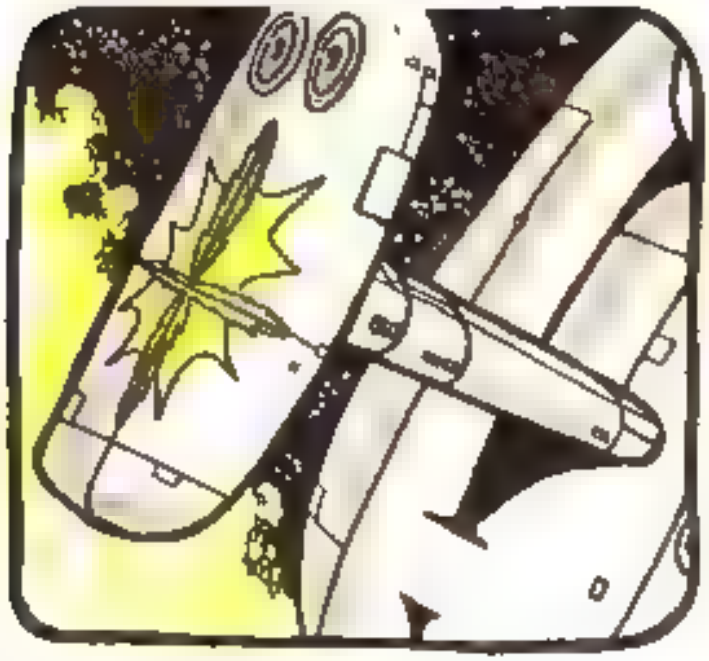
CHAPTER 4

THE FAT SUNPOT HANGS LIKE A SILENT TONSIL ABOVE BEAUTIFUL PLANET VENUS. BUT THE PLACID, NEVER-NEVERNESS OF SPACE IS AN ILLUSION! THE SUNPOT IS IN A NEW ORBIT WITH A PERIHELION OF 100 FEET!"



THE WHOLE SHIP IS POWERLESS SINCE THE REVOLUTION IN THE POWER FACTORY AT 2 O'CLOCK. A BAND OF VICIOUS WORKERS, LED BY A FANATICAL GYRO ENGINEER, HAD SEALED OFF THE MDA GYRO-BLOCK AND SET UP A COLLISION ORBIT WITH VENUS!





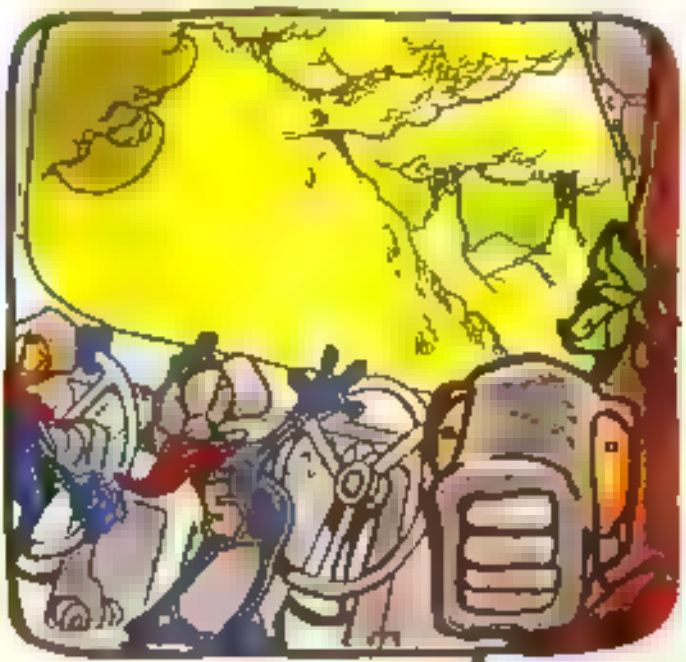
SUNPOT PLANET DIPS INTO THE VAST CANYONS OF CLOUDS AND SUBMERGES THROUGH LAYER AFTER LAYER LIKE A SILENT, GLIDING GHOST SHIP ON ITS WAY TO THE MYSTERIOUS SEA BOTTOM..

Dr. ELECTRIC
BELINDA BUMP, GIVE ME THAT GOD-DAMN PHONE... DIS PRANK HAS GONE FAR ENOUGH!
DIS IS DR ELECTRIC SPEAKING. YOU MAGGOT-INFESTED WORMS, YOU SOWS ASSES YOU MISERABLE ABORTIONS!
HEY, DOC, TAKE IT EASY ON THEM OR THEY'LL NEVER GIVE UP THE GYRO BLOCK!
THE SUNPOT PLANET IS GLIDING IN AT 20-KNOTS NOW, LESS THAN A MILE ABOVE VENUS THE WHEEL HOUSE DRIVERS TRY VALIANTLY TO AVOID THE CRUMBLING SAND STONE MOUNTAIN PEAKS BUT NOT ALWAYS.
WELL, BIG SHOT, YOU SPENT TEN MINUTES SCREAMING LIKE A MAD MAN AT THEM... DID IT DO ANY GOOD?
ERR... I AHH I HAD DA WRONG NUMBER DAT WAS HYDROPONICS.

BOBO THE VICIOUS REPLACEMENT

BOBO IT'S STUPID DR ELECTRIC ON DA HORN SCREAMIN' AN RANTING FOR US TO SURRENDER

AHH YEAH OKAY TELL HIM ER, TELL HIM WE GONNA GIVE UP IF HE PROMISE NOT TO K LL US



UNPOT IS AT ITS ADNEST POINT IN ORBIT IF THE DRIVERS CAN JUST STEER CLEAR OF THE ROCKS AND DUNES THEY WILL START BACK UP AWAY FROM THE SURFACE. [THEIR ONE CHANCE TO RECTIFY THEIR ERRATIC ORBIT.]

UNFORTUNATELY, AND AS FATE AND ME WOULD HAVE IT, A GIANT DUNE LOOMS OUT BEFORE THEM!

ARGH! A GIANT LOOMING DUNE!!

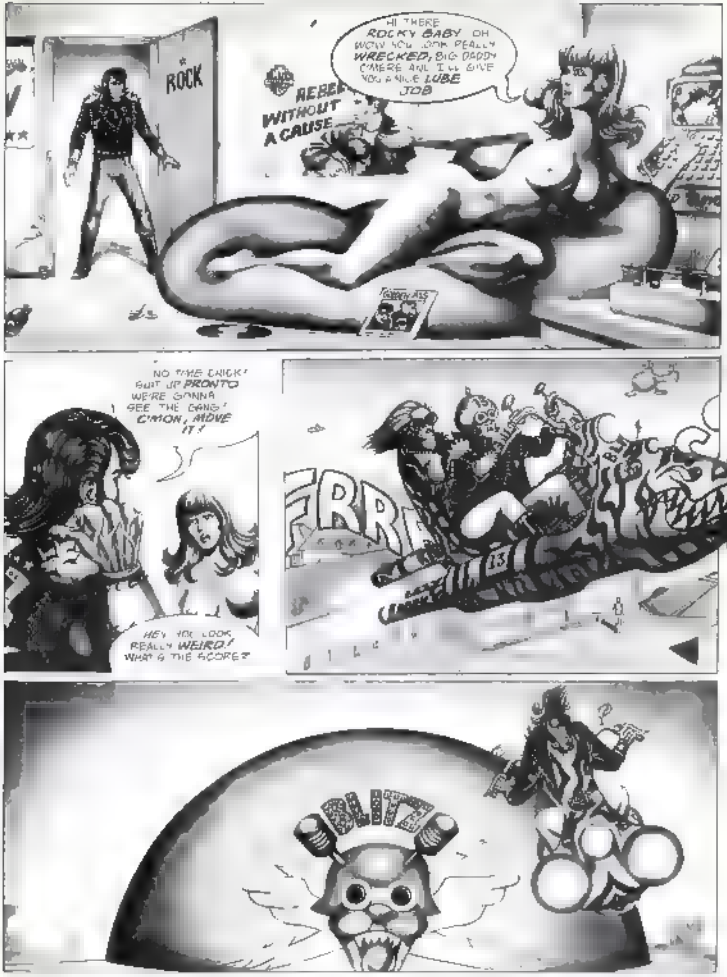
THE SUNPOT PLANET CRUNCHES AND SMUNCHES ALONG THE SLOPING, LOOMING DUNE AND COMES TO A CREAKING, GRAVELLY HALT. SUNPOT HAS RUN AGROUND ON VIRGIN VENUS.
BOBO OR ELECTRIC SAY NEVER MIND GIVING UP HE ADVISE US TO MAKE A RUN FOR IT ON THE SURFACE.
ESH, ME AN MY LOUSY, SUCKY IDEAS! ALL I WANTED WAS BETTER CHOW AN MORE TIME OFF. SNIFF
BOBO IT'S HOTAS A KIMPHO'S TIT OUT HERE! WHERE WE GONNA' GO, BOBO?.
AW I DON'T KNOW OVER DAT WAY I GUESS "BUG" DON'T BOTHER ME. (BOY WHAT A PICKLE.)
I'LL BET SOME SORT OF VENUSIAN LIFE FORM WILL COME AN SAVE US, OR WE'LL FIND A LOST UTOPIAN CIVILIZATION
WHAT YOU MEANS IS WE'LL BE DEAD OF HEAT PROSTRATION, DEHYDRATION AND ASPHYXIATION IN 5 HOURS.

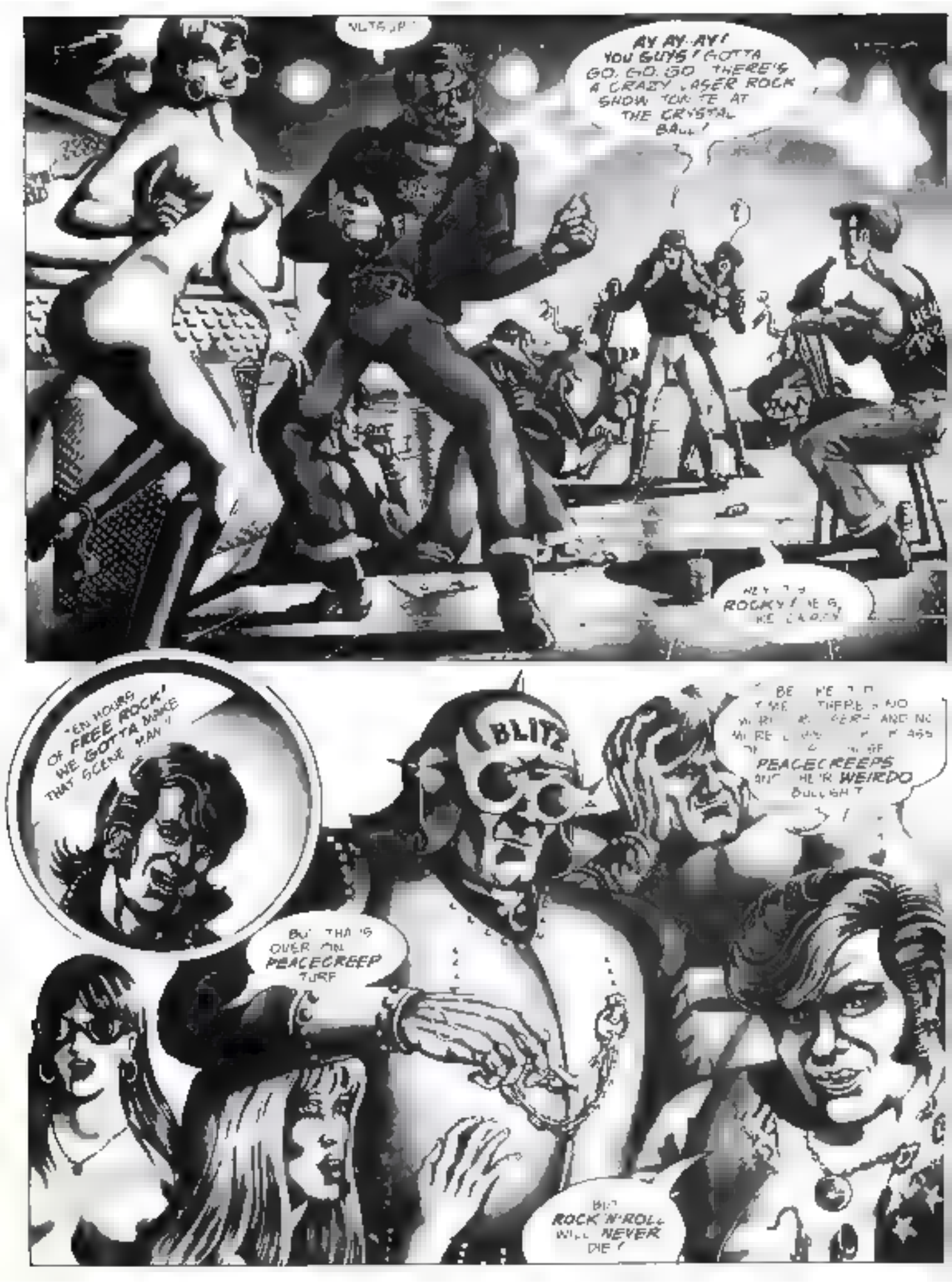
TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT ISSUE

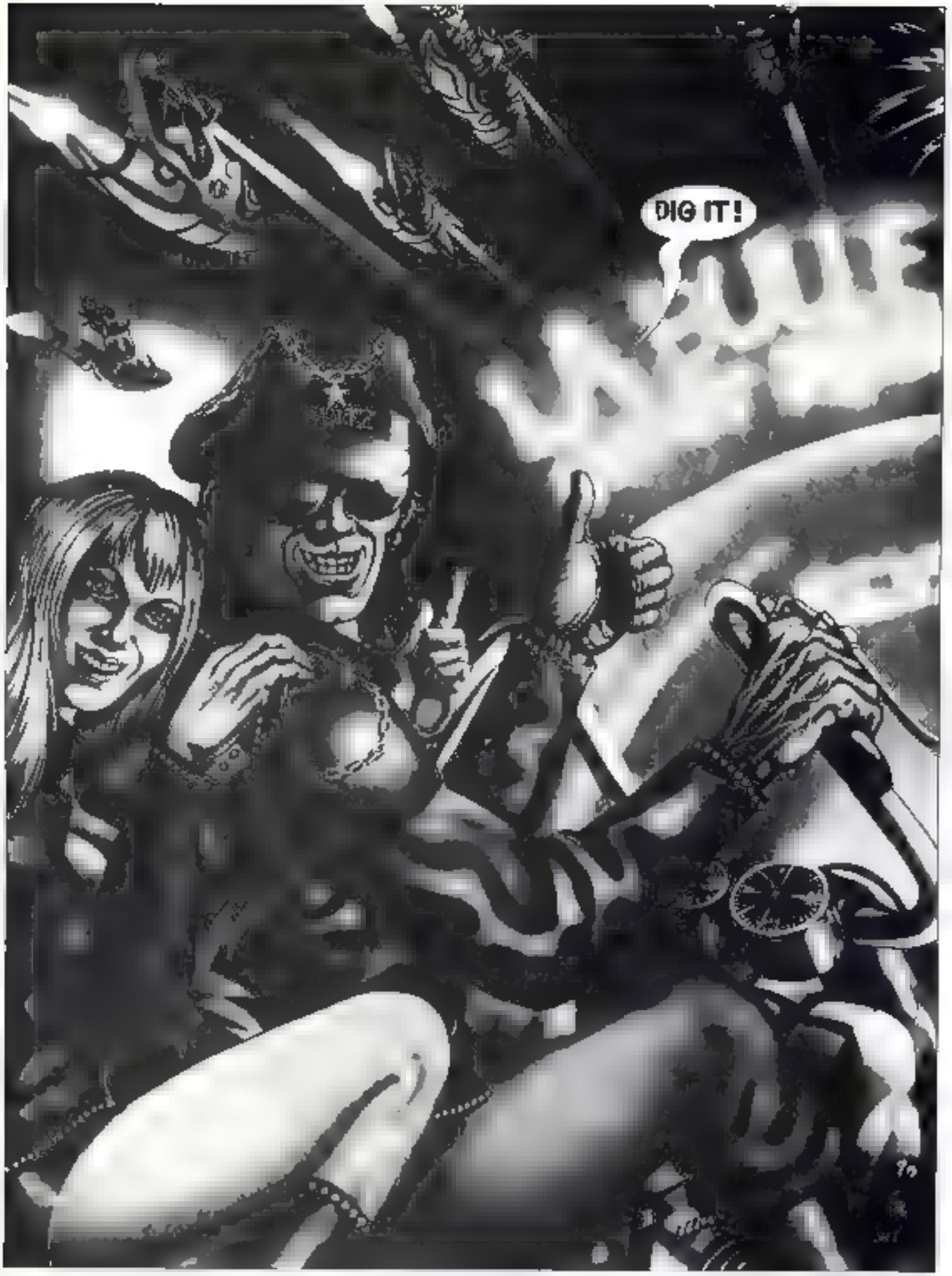
ROCKBLITZ

SERGIO MACEDO '96

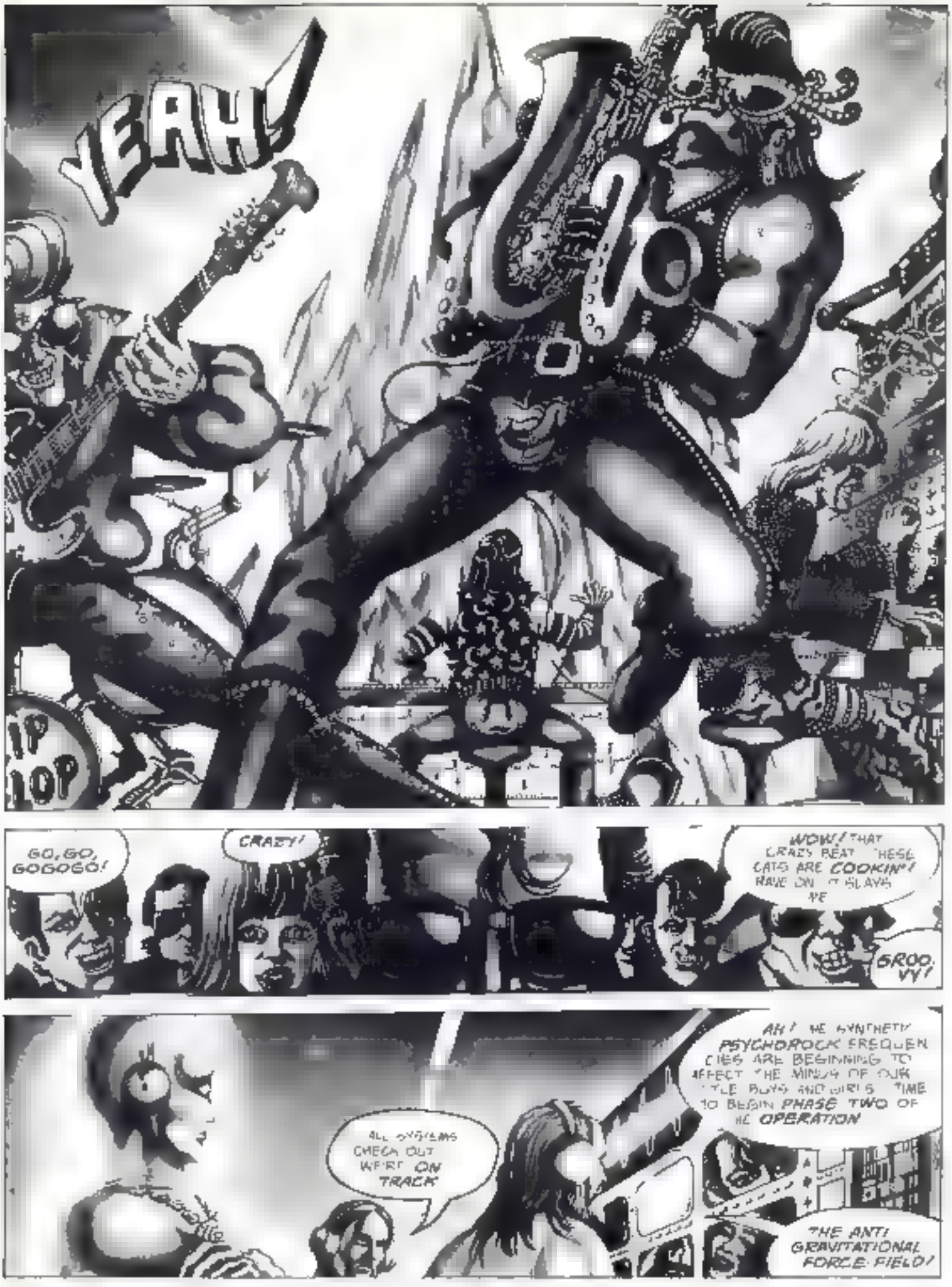
THAT CAT GOT NO FUKN RIGHTS HERE! I'LL RIP HIS FUKN GUTS OUT!
YAAAHH!
CRAC!
WHAT
WHAT THE FUK IS MY HEAD! KRIST I'M FLIPPIN'!


ROCK
HI THERE ROCKY BABY OH WOW YOU LOOK REALLY WRECKED, BIG DADDY C'MERE AND I'LL GIVE YOU A NICE LUBE JOB
REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE
NO TIME CHICK! SHUT UP PRONTO WE'RE GONNA SEE THE GANG! C'MON, MOVE IT!
HEY, YOU LOOK REALLY WEIRD! WHAT'S THE SCORE?
BLITZ

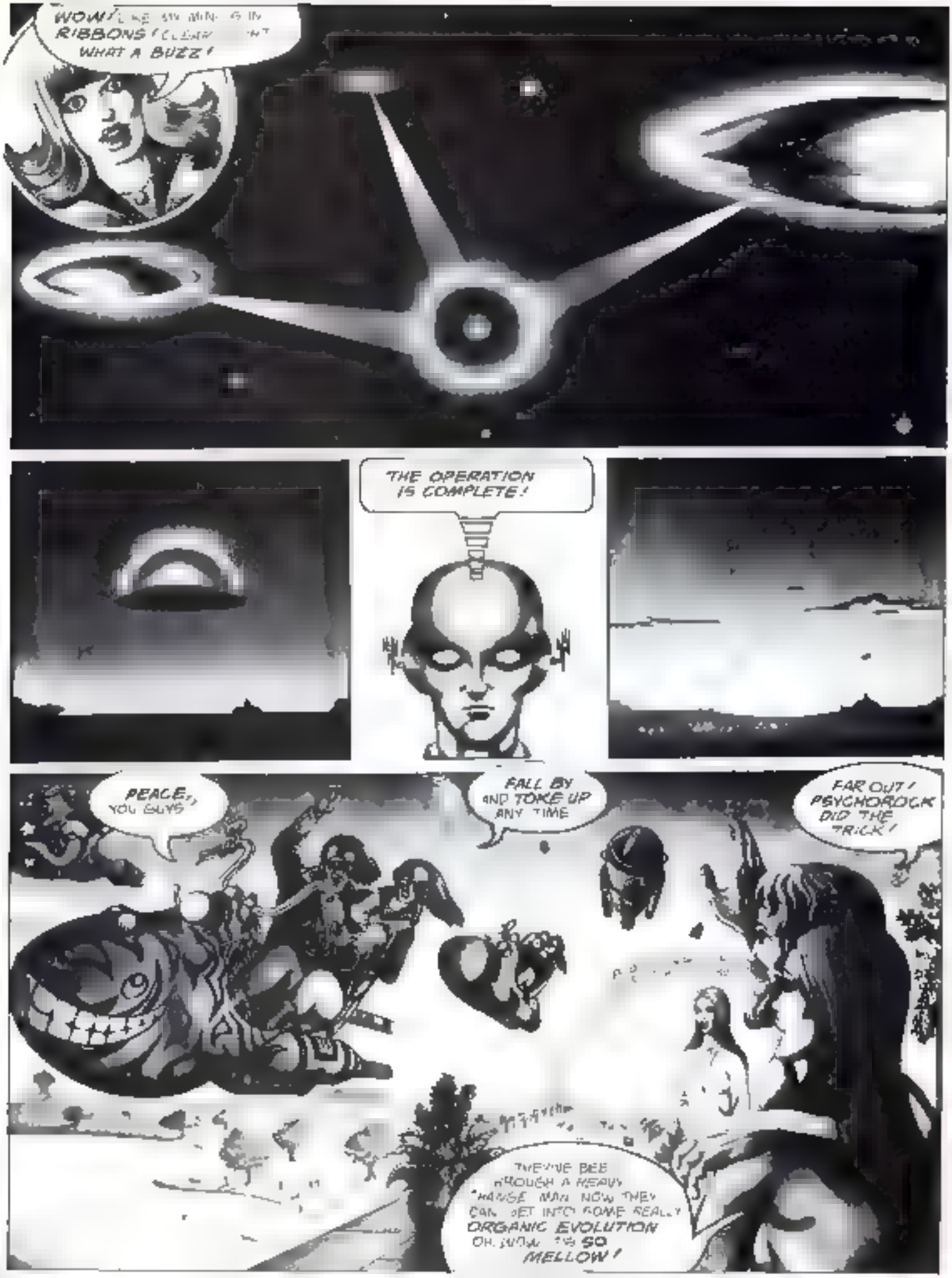

AY AY AY! YOU GUYS! GOTTA GO, GO, GO THERE'S A CRAZY LASER ROCK SHOW TONITE AT THE CRYSTAL BALL!
ROCKY!
BLITZ
PEACECREEPS
WEIRDO
BUT THAT'S OVER ON PEACECREEP TURF
ROCK 'N' ROLL WILL NEVER DIE!

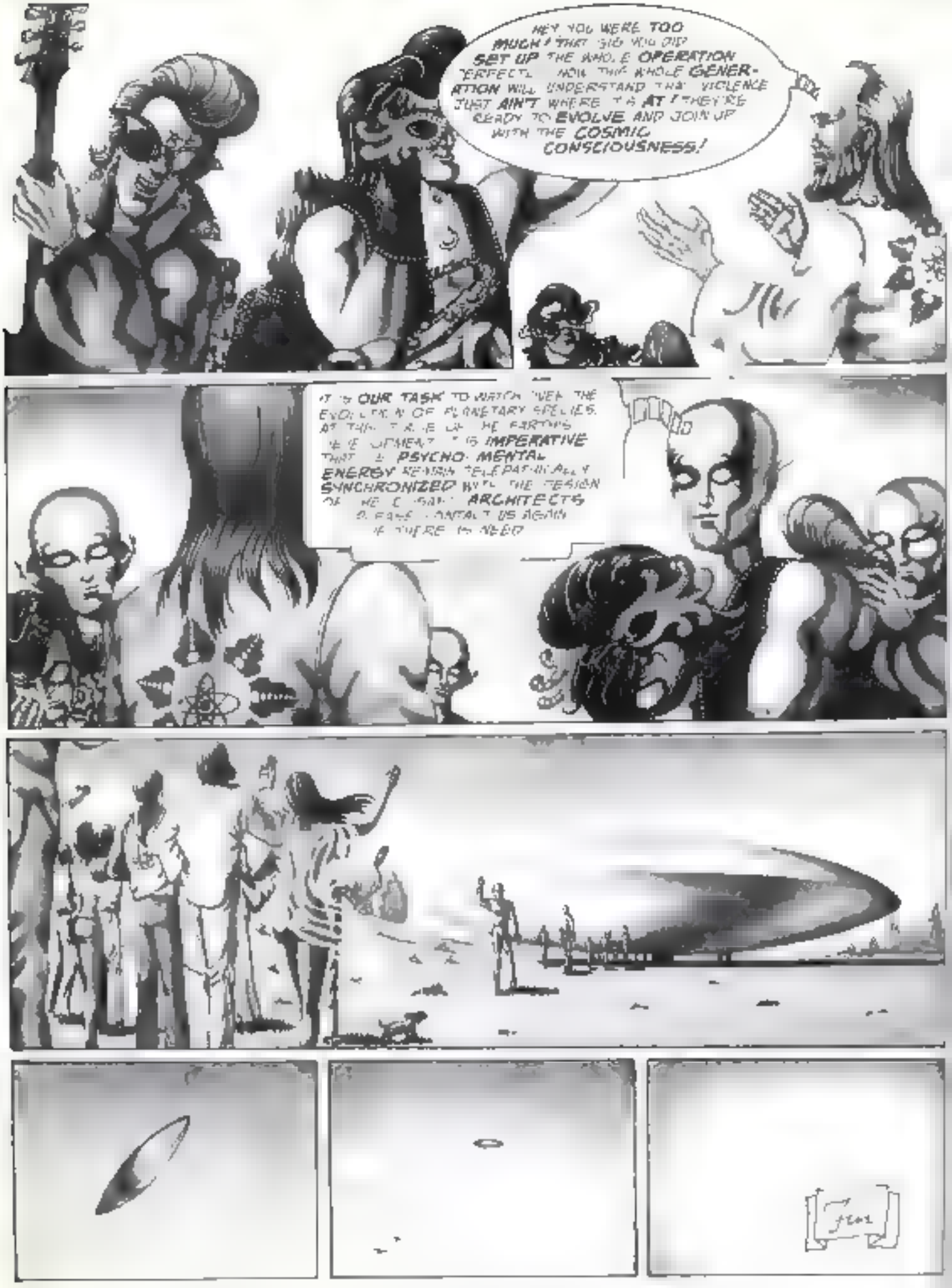

DIG IT!

HEY SALLY, WHAT ABOUT BIG CHARLIE, YA
OH! CRAP!
GET OFF MY BIKE SALLY BUTTERBALLS! SHE IS MY OLD LADY!
UP YOURS!
YOU LOSE, CHARLIE NOW COOL AY AY AY NOW THE CATS AND CHICKS GONNA GET THEIR KICKS OVER AT THE CRYSTAL BALL
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK YEAH ROCK ALL OVER
FUKIN AY AY AY!
?
OH ROCKY! YOU'RE A REAL TOUGH HE SPEAKS RIGHT WHERE DID YOU EARN TO DUKE LIKE THAT? GENIUS!
YEA WELL LIKE WHEN I WAS A KID I BUMMED AROUND THE ORIENT AND LIKE IN CHINA HONG KONG ARIDENT NA AND ALL I LEARNED THESE SECRET PUNCHES


YEAH!
IP
IOP
GO, GO, GOGOGO!
CRAZY!
WOW! THAT CRAZY BEAT THESE CATS ARE COOKIN'! HAVE ON O' SLAVS ME
GROOVY!
ALL SYSTEMS CHECK OUT WE'RE ON TRACK
AH! THE SYNTHETIC PSYCHOROCK FREQUENCIES ARE BEGINNING TO AFFECT THE MINDS OF OUR LITTLE BOYS AND GIRLS TIME TO BEGIN PHASE TWO OF THE OPERATION
THE ANTI GRAVITATIONAL FORCE FIELD!

SHIPS
ENERGY
THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE
HEIR NEUROLOGICAL TAPES
ALTERED
STIMULATION
LINKED
RAPIDLY
THAT THING / IT'S MOVING / HEY ROCKY / CHECK IT OUT / IT'S LIKE WE WERE IN SPACE /
SHAKE IT, BABY / SHAKE
ROCKGALAXY / A
MUSICTRIP
PARADISE / HEY ELVIS!
AY-AY-AY-AY!


WOW! LIKE SO MANY COLORS IN RIBBONS! CLEAN RIGHT WHAT A BUZZ!
THE OPERATION IS COMPLETE!
PEACE, YOU GUYS
FALL BY AND TOKE UP ANY TIME
FAR OUT! PSYCHOROCK DID THE TRICK!
THEY'VE BEEN THROUGH A HEAVY CHANGE AND NOW THEY CAN GET INTO SOME REALLY ORGANIC EVOLUTION OH, WOW! IT'S SO MELLOW!

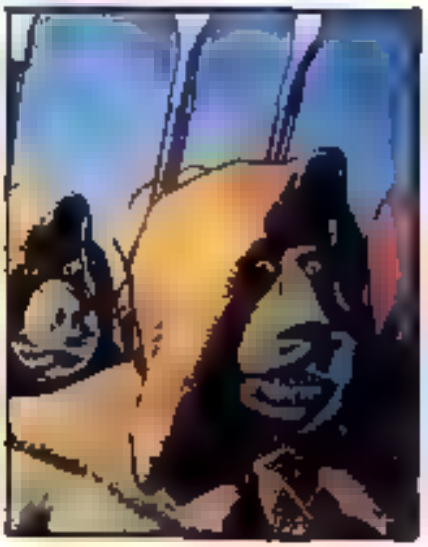

HEY YOU WERE TOO MUCH! THAT SID KID DID SET UP THE WHOLE OPERATION PERFECT... NOW THE WHOLE GENERATION WILL UNDERSTAND THAT VIOLENCE JUST AIN'T WHERE IT'S AT! THEY'RE READY TO EVOLVE AND JOIN UP WITH THE COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS!
IT'S OUR TASK TO WATCH OVER THE EVOLUTION OF PLANETARY SPECIES. AT THIS TIME IN THE EARTH'S DEVELOPMENT IT IS IMPERATIVE THAT A PSYCHO-MENTAL ENERGY FIELD TELEPATHICALLY SYNCHRONIZED WITH THE FUSION OF THE COSMIC ARCHITECTS BE CONSTANTLY MAINTAINED AGAIN IF THERE IS NEED
THE

DOD

A faint distant sound brought me instantly awake

It was the hushed whisper of men working

But to [illegible]



A strange procession had penetrated the southern courtyard of the crumbling edifice. They moved quietly with barely a muffled whisper of leather boots brushing the sand. I nearly missed the muted bark of a command; the troop front instantly

One figure who rode a beast, dismounted

I realized that it was a woman, a woman who moved with regal authority

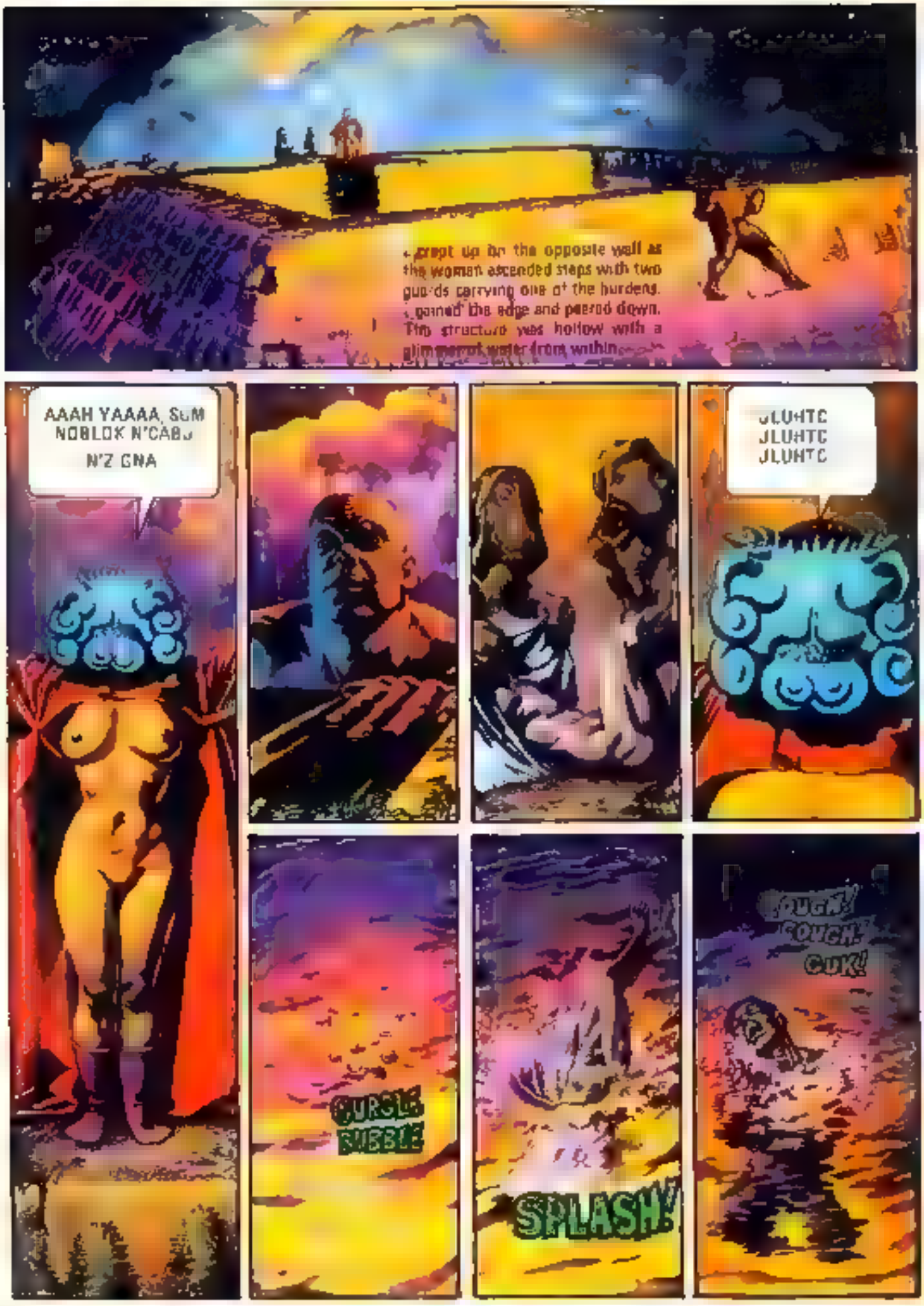
Two members of the monstrous squad remained with the mount as the others followed the woman. She led the group seriously deeper into the building. They carried two sacks. I thought I saw a hint of movement

I should have learned from my
experience here that our actions
have deadly consequences but some
thing compelled me to follow.

I turned suddenly at a fluttering
noise.

A large bat thing had perched nearby
and sat watching. It was another
creature totally unfamiliar

ce within
del berate
, they
od a cyclo-
ced by
and paused
ments.


I crept up to the opposite wall as the woman ascended steps with two guards carrying one of the burdens. I gained the edge and peered down. The structure was hollow with a dim mercury water from within.
AAAH YAAAA, SUM NOBLOK N'CABU N'Z GNA
JLUHTC JLUHTC JLUHTC
GURGL BUBBLE
SPLASH!
COUGH! COUGH! CUK!

Then I realized this blasphemous ceremony would be repeated with the second sacrifice
SPLUK!
Suddenly a different level of consciousness took control and I was running toward the sacrificers.
STOP!
STOP!

I leaped high from the outer wall to the guards on the altar outcropping.

I shine

That cryptic explanation stuck in my head and flashed past a kick as he moved aside from a near collision with my main thrust

The impact threw the first guard off the precarious altar. The second quickly drew a knife

AAUGH

and lunged

I swept his feet away and he also fell into the water

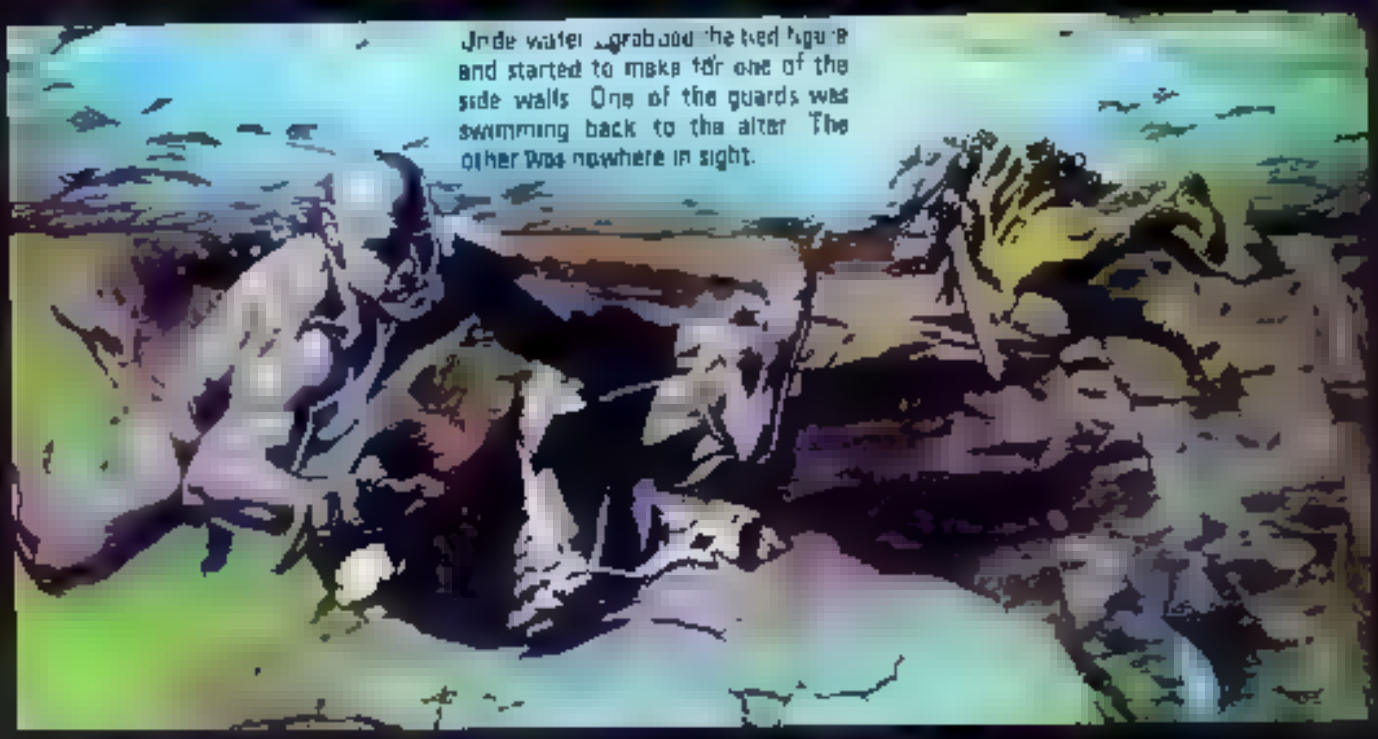
...drew down her mask ... the pace of a heartbeat all ... and hard. She ... at me indecipherably. I seemed ... ed. ... an important ... but what?

Then she contemptuously pushed the victim over the side

That jarred me back into action and before the armed party could reach me I dived

From behind came an ear-splitting screech that was cut short as submerged

Under water I grabbed the red figure and started to make for one of the side walls. One of the guards was swimming back to the altar. The other was nowhere in sight.



In this murky liquid I sensed another presence. I hooked my new dependent's legs over my head to swim on with both hands.

After a few strokes I looked back toward the guard and saw... or half saw a frightening shadowy form.

It grasped the guard's kicking legs and jerked him down.

Frantically I sought to escape. There were several decayed holes in the wall.
We made it within just as a nightmarish serpentine limb wriggled over the aperture.
Not yet totally resolved to die I looked about the cavity and saw that much of the stonework was loose.
A lifted a foot prince and suddenly was propelled forward. I blacked out.
I found my wand and myself breathing an air of ash
There were a few bodies lying about. Perched nearby eating, the bat creature was the apparent cause. The priestess was gone, my burden moved
peeph!

NIGHT IMAGES

A BOOK OF FANTASY VERSE

ROBERT E. HOWARD

ILLUSTRATED BY

RICHARD CORBEN

FRANK FRAZETTA

A preview of NIGHT IMAGES, the new deluxe collectors edition published by

THE MORNING STAR PRESS

HEAVY METAL 51

THE HEART OF THE SEAS DESIRE

The stars beat up from the shadowy sea,
The caves of the coral and pearl.
And the night is afire with a red desire
For the loins of a golden girl
You have left your girdle upon the beach,
And you wade from the pulsing land,
And the hot tide darts to your secret parts
That have known one lover's hand
The hot tide laves your rounded limbs,
That his subtle fingers part,
And the sea that lies between your thighs
Is the heart of the Night's red heart
In the days to come and the nights to come,
And the days and the nights to be,
A babe you shall hold to your breast of gold
As you croon a lullaby,
A babe with the cry of a wind-racked gull,
That shall grow to a round-limbed girl
With strange cold eyes like the sea that lies
In the caves of coral and pearl
Her soul shall be as an ocean wind
Restless her feet shall be,
And she shall be part of the Night's red heart,
And the heart of the sounding sea
And the man who lies by your side at night,
He is not your daughter's sire
For she is the babe of a hungry Night,
And the heart of the sea's desire!

A WORD FROM THE OUTER DARK

My ruthless hands still clutch at life —
Still lurk in shineless sea
My soul roars on through rage and strife
You may not shackle me

My leopard eyes are still unclosed,
They pierce the darkness's light —
A fierce and brooding giant unnamed
That pierced primeval night

Rear mighty temples to your god —
I lurk where shadows sway
Till when your drowsy guards shall nod
To leap and rend and slay

For I would hurl your cities down
And I would wreck your shrines
And give the sons of every town
To flames and knives

Higher the waves of Nineveh
And prouder Babel's spires —
I'd flowed from the desert way —
They crumble in my fires

For I, the works of men to mar
Must wreck and rack and fell
I am the dark barbarian
That towers over all

THE GHOST KINGS

The ghost kings are marching the moonlight knows their tread.
From the distant stealthy planets of the ever unstable dead
There are whisperings of the night-winds and the scattering stars have fled

A ghostly trumpet echoes from a barren mountainhead
Through the fern the wandering witch-lights gleam like phantom arrows speed;
There is silence in the valleys and the moon is rising red.

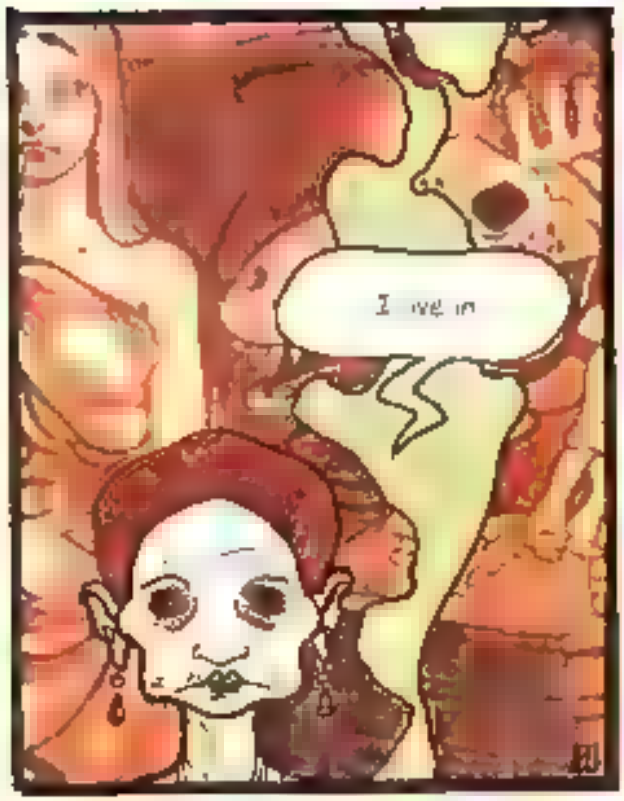
The ghost kings are marching down the ages misty maze
The unseen feet are tramping through the moonlight's pallid haze
Down the hollow clanging stairways of a million vesterdays.

The ghost kings are marching where the vague moor-vapors creeps
While the night-wind to their coming, like a thund'rous herald sweeps,
They are clad in ancient grandeur, but the world, unheeding, sleeps

I am rich — true But I have not always lived in such luxury I spent a large part of my life in the greatest part in misery and uncertainty Fear hunger and danger were my daily lot

You must understand that naturally I would like to escape such a life, for I longed for my chance to possess everything money could buy especially comfort and security I clung to my hope

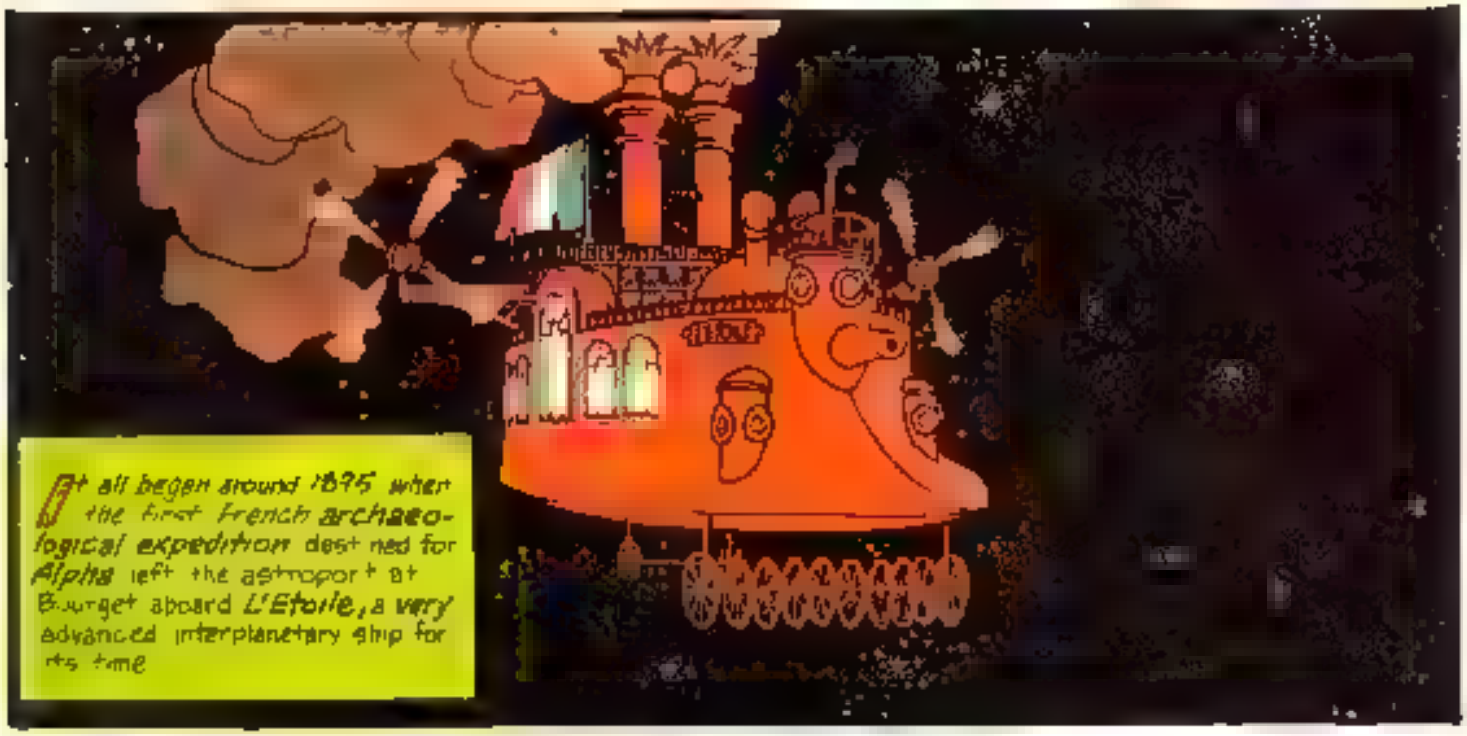
And even though it has been my good fortune to rise in the world I have not ceased to live in fear Such are the consequences of a hideous plot I myself concocted in a moment of madness a plot based on hatred hatred of the miserable conditions in which I then lived
I am rich — true but



FEAR OF THE BLUE-EYED SLOANE!

In order to understand my tale you must know first of all that my **father** was originally from a very distant and ill-named **star**, while my **mother** was born on **Alpha Centauri**. **Heredity** then endowed me with an extraordinary **longevity**, which in turn only accentuates my **anguish** and **anxiety** at the thought of **death**.

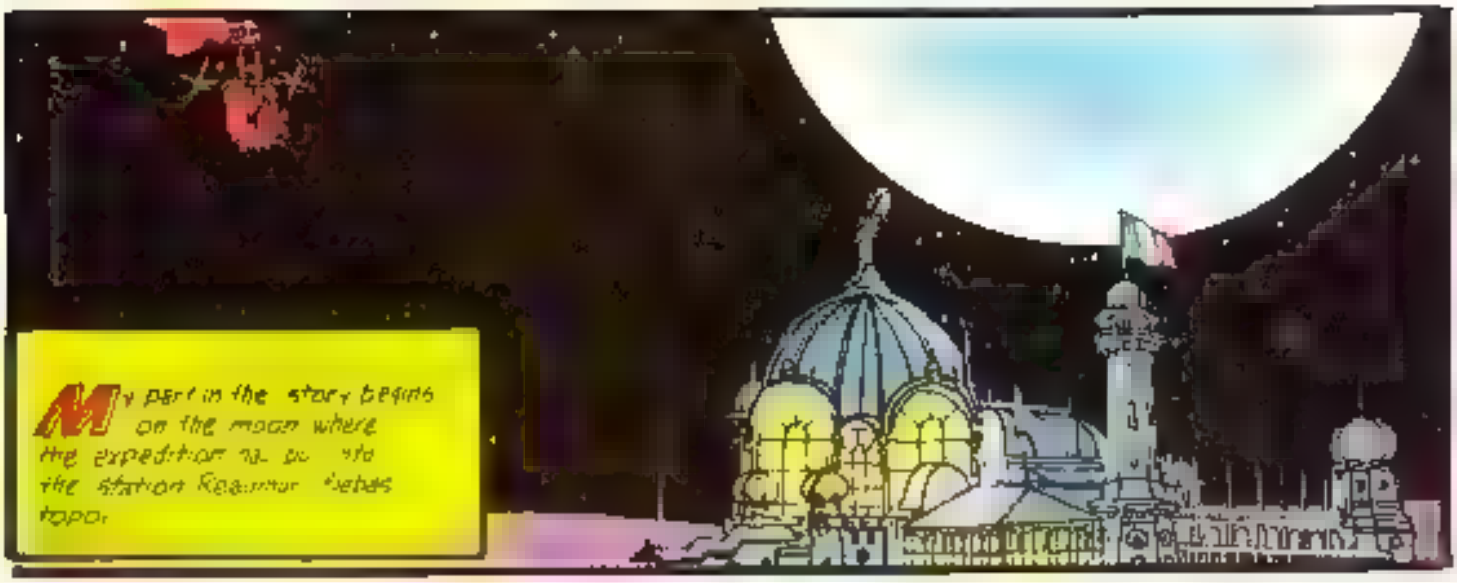
The **vengeance** has **all the time in the world** to wreak his **vengeance**.



It all began around 1895 when the first French **archaeological expedition** destined for **Alpha** left the astroport at Bourget aboard **L'Etoile**, a very advanced interplanetary ship for its time.

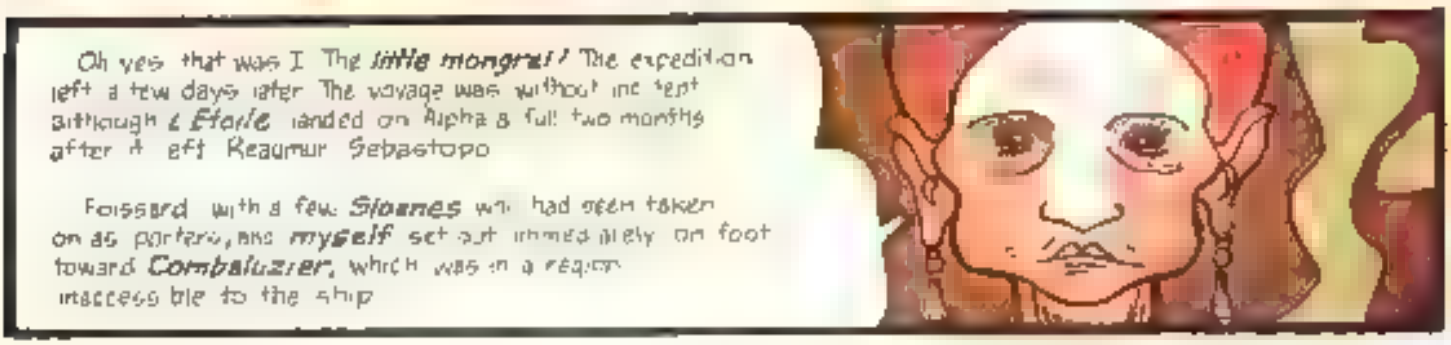
The expedition was under the direction of Professor Faussard. Its purpose was the exploration of the great city of **Alpha, Centauri** and the gathering of artifacts of **incalculable value**.

Brought back to Earth these would provide at least some knowledge of the **history** of that fabulous land. The French **museums would clamor** for them.


My part in the story begins on the moon where the expedition is to visit the station Reaumur Sebastopol

Bannot, my dear fellow aren't you provided with some sort of guide person who knows something about Combaluzier and thereabouts?
I have the very thing

A young half breed. A recent expedition brought her back from Alpha — her and her Nanny. I'm there. She's quite familiar with the area and may be interested.
A little savage, perhaps but you know how to discipline little mongrels don't you Foissard, old boy?
HA! HA!


Oh yes that was I. The little mongrel! The expedition left a few days later. The voyage was without incident although L'Etoile landed on Alpha a full two months after it left Reaumur Sebastopol.
Foissard with a few Sloanes who had been taken on as porters, and myself set out immediately on foot toward Combaluzier, which was in a region inaccessible to the ship.

I swore eternal hatred for Professor Foissard who like all tools of french colonialism made absolutely no effort to establish a rapport with the underdeveloped peoples of outer space
Then we came suddenly upon a temple which had been erected in honor of some divinity Foissard called a hum
YOU! FASTER, THERE! SLOW AS MOLASSES! Do you understand nothing but the lash?
By God it's unbelievable! To think that these dogs could have built such a thing
AAAARG! HLZ...!
With anxious excitement we watched him dash inside the monument I remained in the courtyard of the temple with the Sloane porters
I was struck by a mad idea

Ooo
AAHH
GOLD!
IT'S
GOLD!
?
FUCK OFF,
YOU DUMB FRENCH
PRICK!
ARG

We had no what had happened in the temple but to judge from the condition of the archaeologist, it must have been something terrible. The Finances and I were delighted.

Now you must understand that Scagnes are simple creatures easily amused.

I had to take charge.

STOP GIGGLING, you whipped oaf! We're going back down that road! About FACE! Now hup! Expect no all ove. Do what I tell you!
GET it?
We returned Foussard to the ship in a stable but anxious state. The expedition left Alpha immediately and returned to Earth.
The Slogans were not even paid for their part in the aborted undertaking.
Foussard aged prematurely. The Alpha expedition was the last he would ever conduct. He devoted himself to writing his memoirs, in his apartment in Par s.
Three years passed. The archaeologist longed to forget.
until one night
NO!

...NOT THE CURSE! AAAAA
There was no more a curse than there is butter on the moon! It was I who had entered the temple by a secret door and terrorized the academic. I waited several years through which Foissard lived in anguish -- before finishing him off. I made him draw up a will naming me his heir. He died, and I inherited everything.
Ever since I have lived in his home. But I have not forgotten the blue-eyed Sloane. I had not known the significance of my gesture at the time I tugged his ear, but since then I have learned. I have been told that the vengeance taken by a Sloane, of that species is terrible, describable only in the most obscene terms. I have lived long and seen many things in my life. But I am afraid. I've in fear of the blue-eyed Sloane.
FIN
TARZO

AGE OF AGES

A GOTHIC SCIENCE-FICTION TRIP TO THE APOCALYPSE

by

Akbar Del Piombo

Collages by

Norman Rubington

The real sensations of 1984 are behind the scenes. The first is the most prodigious breakthrough in the history of mankind, nothing less than the conquest of gravity. The men who overcome it are anonymous members of a think tank superbrains who prove their domination of matter by hoisting luggage without moving a muscle. Their title price is "putting flight bags in flight." A new force is loose in the world, and its name is *inertia*. In one blow, nuclear arsenals are outdated relics.

The next event is the transferral of Big Brother's remains through the subterranean lagoons of the hidden capital. Here he will die like a Pharaoh, while his sister cunningly preserving his mythical existence, will take over the reins of power.

The last event is Little Sister's dominion over the scene. Ad dressed as Mr Sex pronounced Mrs she manipulates her subjects minds with a nationwide hookup of tapping de vices. It is not necessary for her to watch she *knows* what every me is thinking. With this grip of things repressed drives are kept busy without understanding why.

HEAVY METAL

Among her innovations was an improvement over the old-fashioned use of gaslights. A pneumatic system of tubes bypass normal channels and provide a powerful suction, extinguishing with equal speed all the lights on the side. Thus a simple pull of a bell knocker, have all the gaslights back and call

Such is the power background and [illegible] gentle old-aged New York Sir Edwin [illegible] [illegible]. This is [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Pearl and Mercer city where the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] was A belligerent doorman decked out in [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] passing grades [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Reinforced Sir Edwin soon reduces the police [illegible] [illegible] underground

His summit is crowded. The harassed [illegible] people [illegible] [illegible] are policemen [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

It equally irritated normal times holidays as he finds one evening after work in his sandals that have the sand from the beach in the top of his bag which eventually sands his socks. Someone has left the key in the ignition.

As last Side mugging attempt ends in a loss.

"I knew this was one of the days when things would go wrong."

"Well it's over now, think we did it."

Leaving a murder scene the assailants find, much to their surprise, that the victim's property is the worst loss they could have gotten.

The papers reported a subsequent event with the headline WORLD'S FIRST DESTRUCTION MACHINE

The coroner's report has revealing details of the examination published which reduced to layman terms describes something unusual between the living and the dead.

Would-be interpreters are dumbfounded to find they have a whole new set of the forensic jobs were offered.

The climax of this bizarre crash carries on at astounding surprise theatre, culminating "replica killing" a perfect duplicate of the infamous Sir Lawrence Olivier massacre.

"My dear chap," exclaims Sir Ralph, "it's even better detailed."

"All except me," said the coroner. "Dummies are less expensive. There are a few people in this world I'd like to see dead."

"Witches! I say this is the twentieth century man!"

Well [illegible] sometimes and for some it's all.

To be continued

1996
Soda fountain
Ice cream
DEPARTURE LOUNG

TRANSAIRBUS 8
SSsciii...

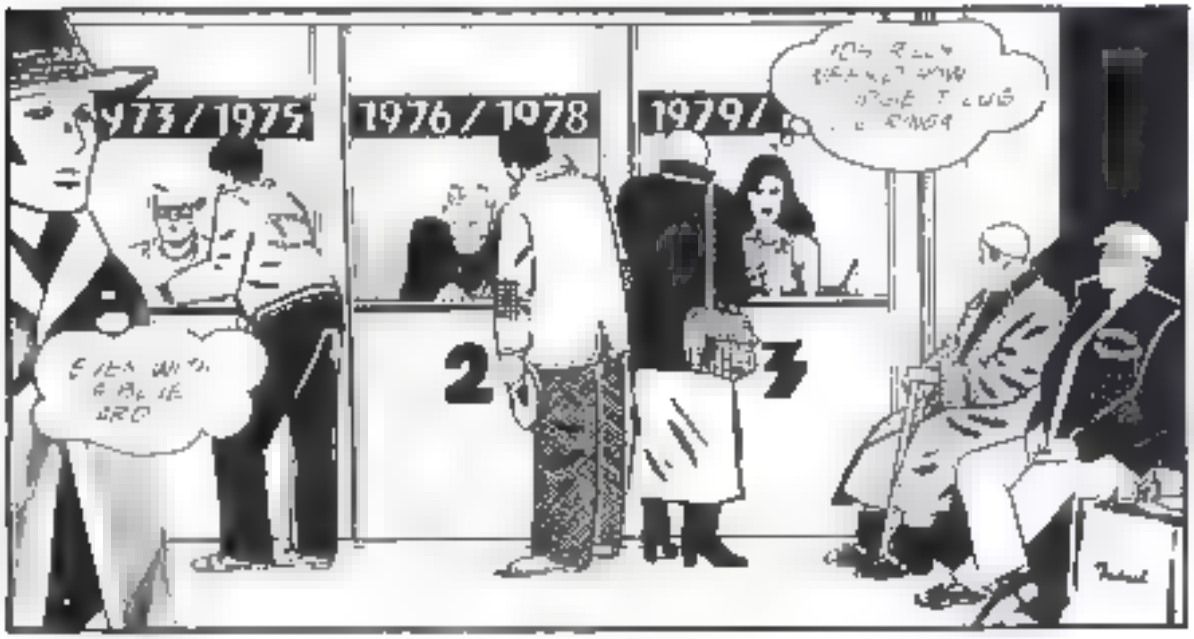
The SHERAT
TOWER EAST

YER EYE SEE

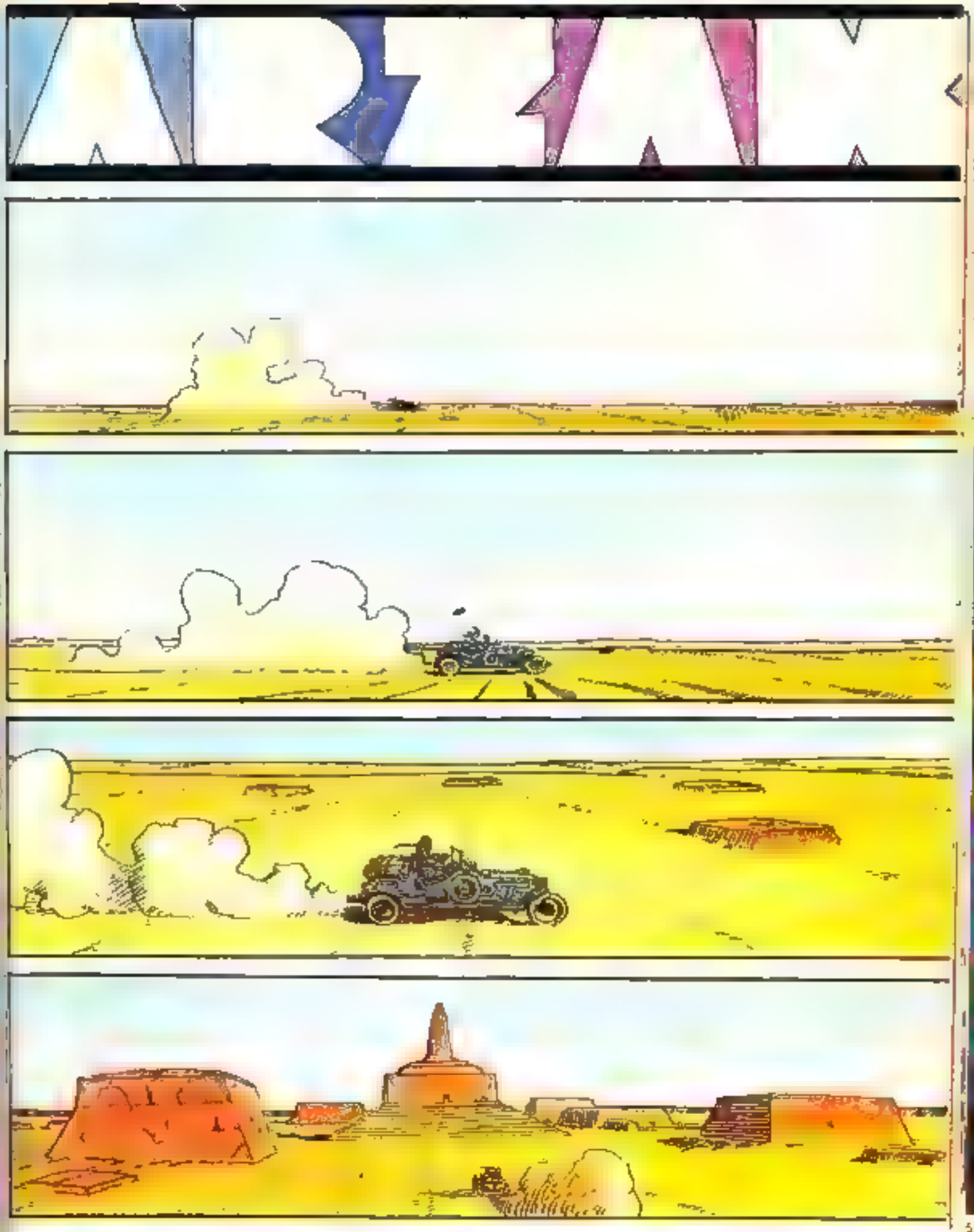
OKAY! KEEP MOVIN'

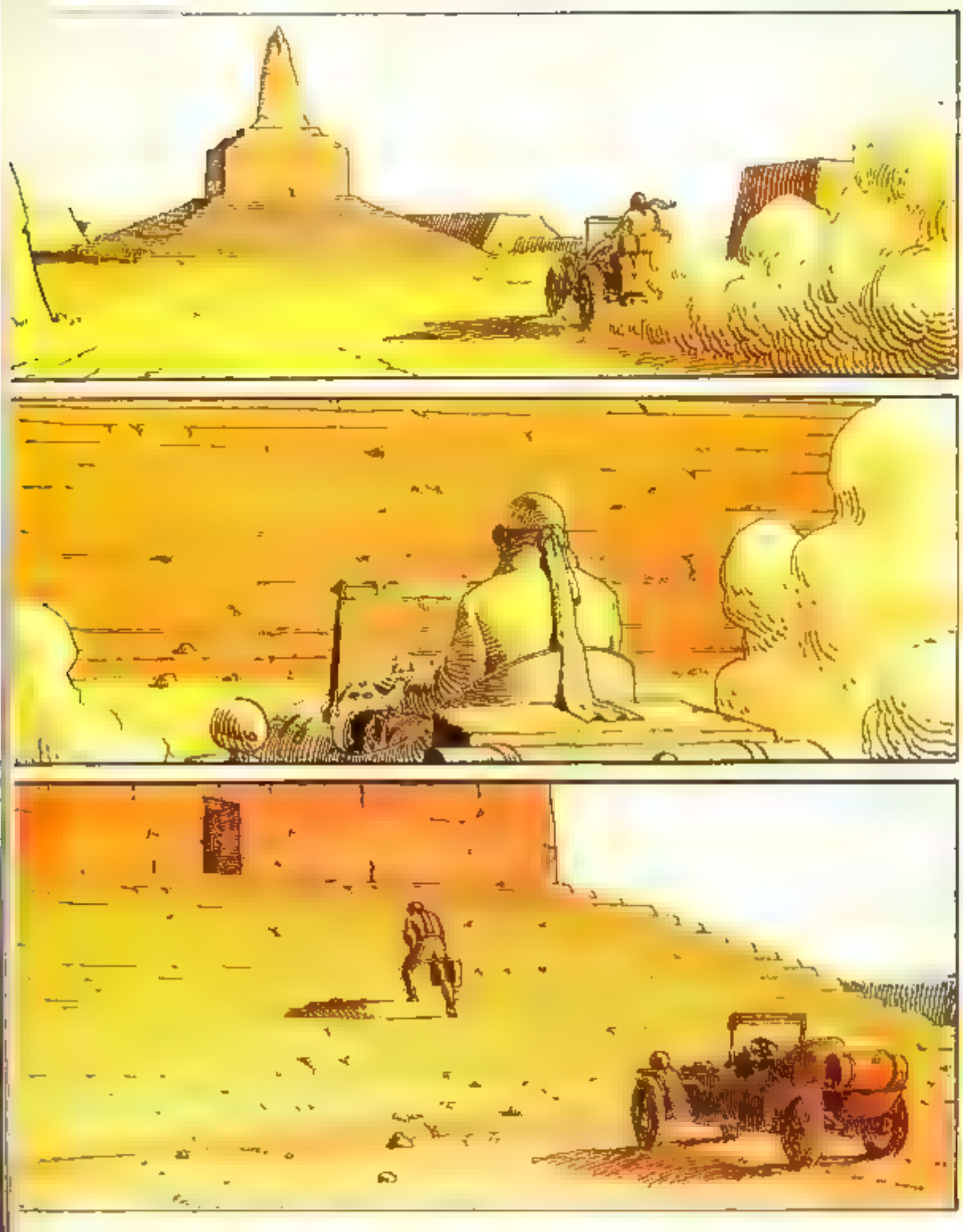
93 HOURS TO TRANSPORT

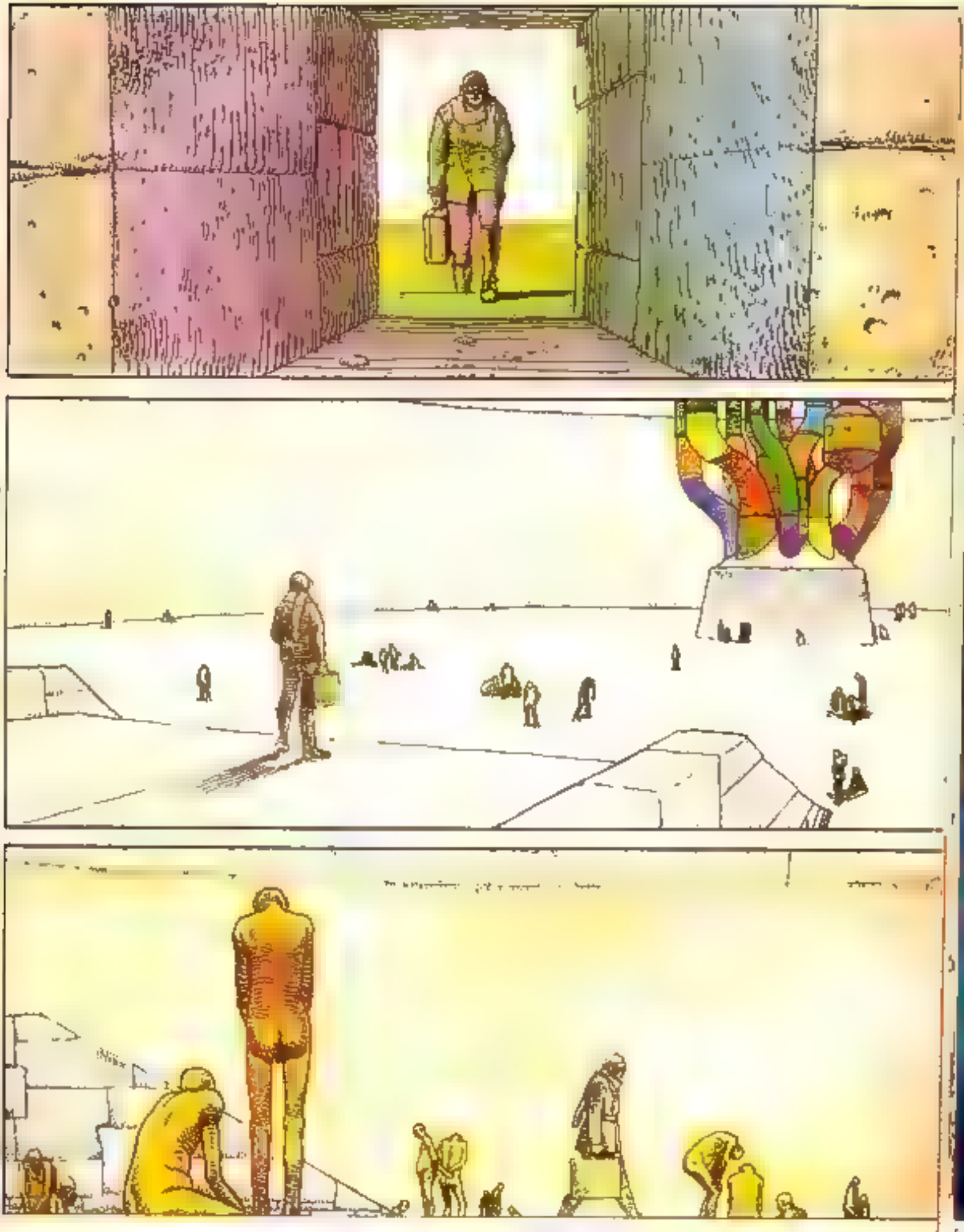
BETTER TRY THE EMPLOY-MENT OFFICE!!
JOBS
JOBS

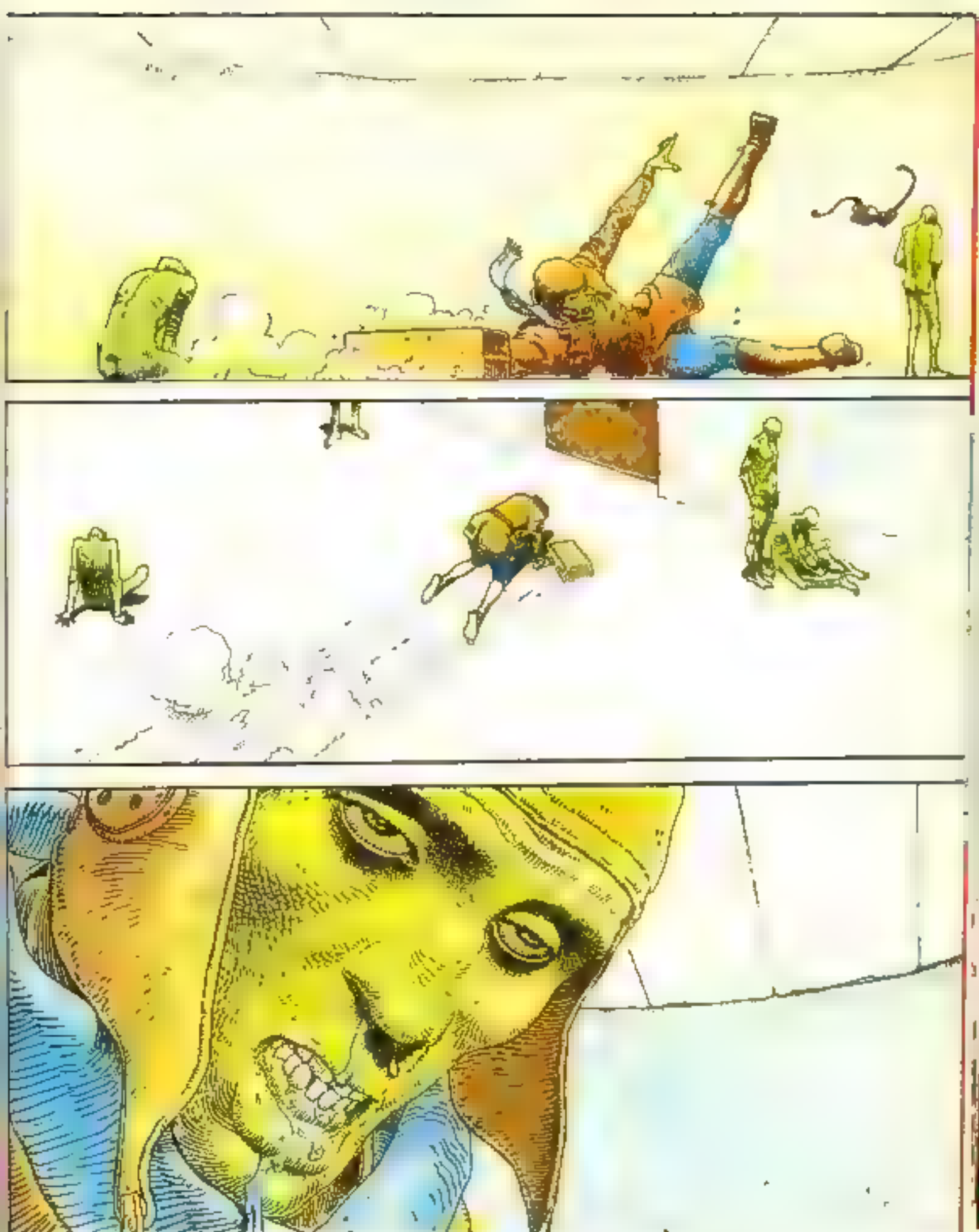

1973 / 1975
1976 / 1978
1979 /
2
3

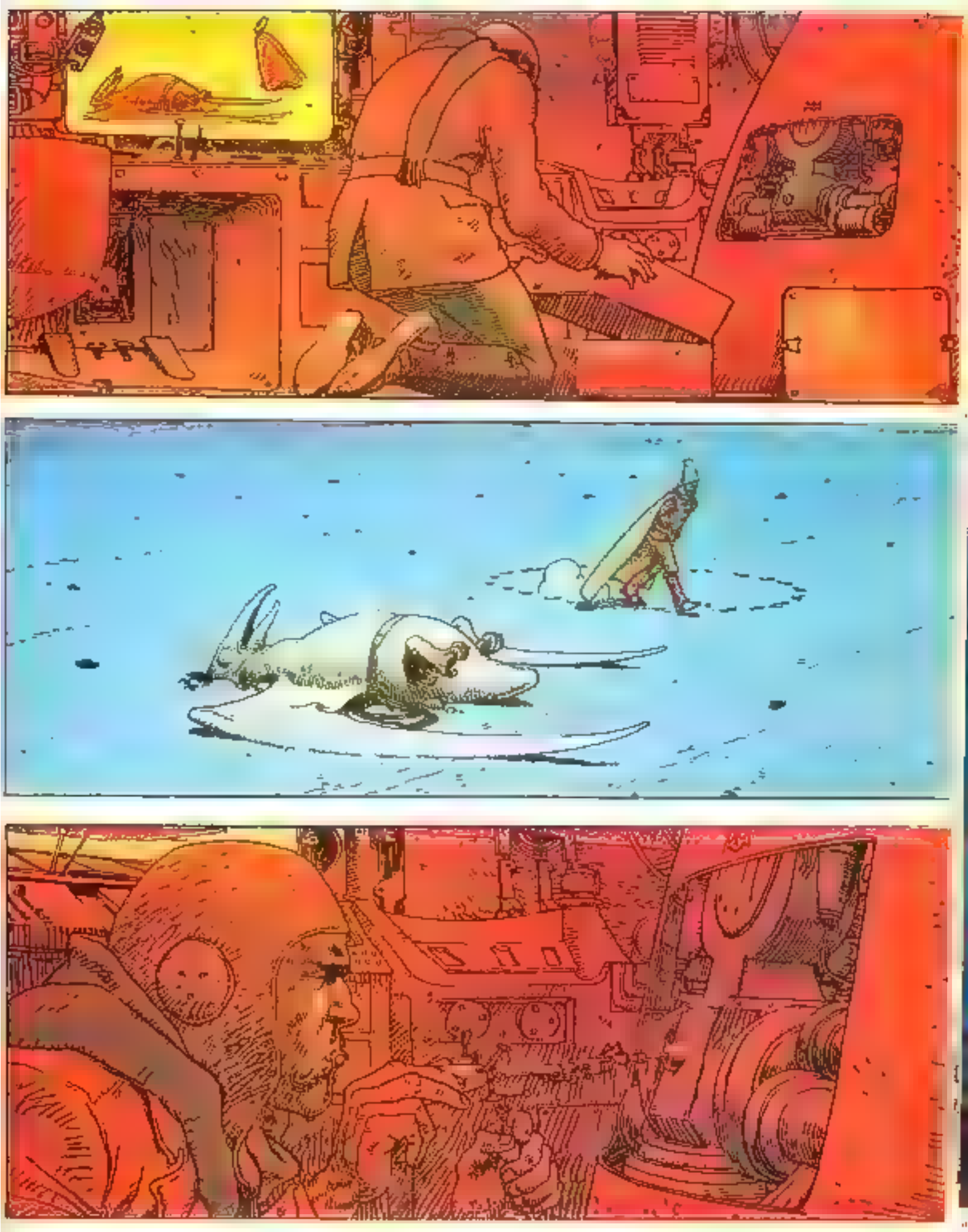
TOO MUCH!
C.M.

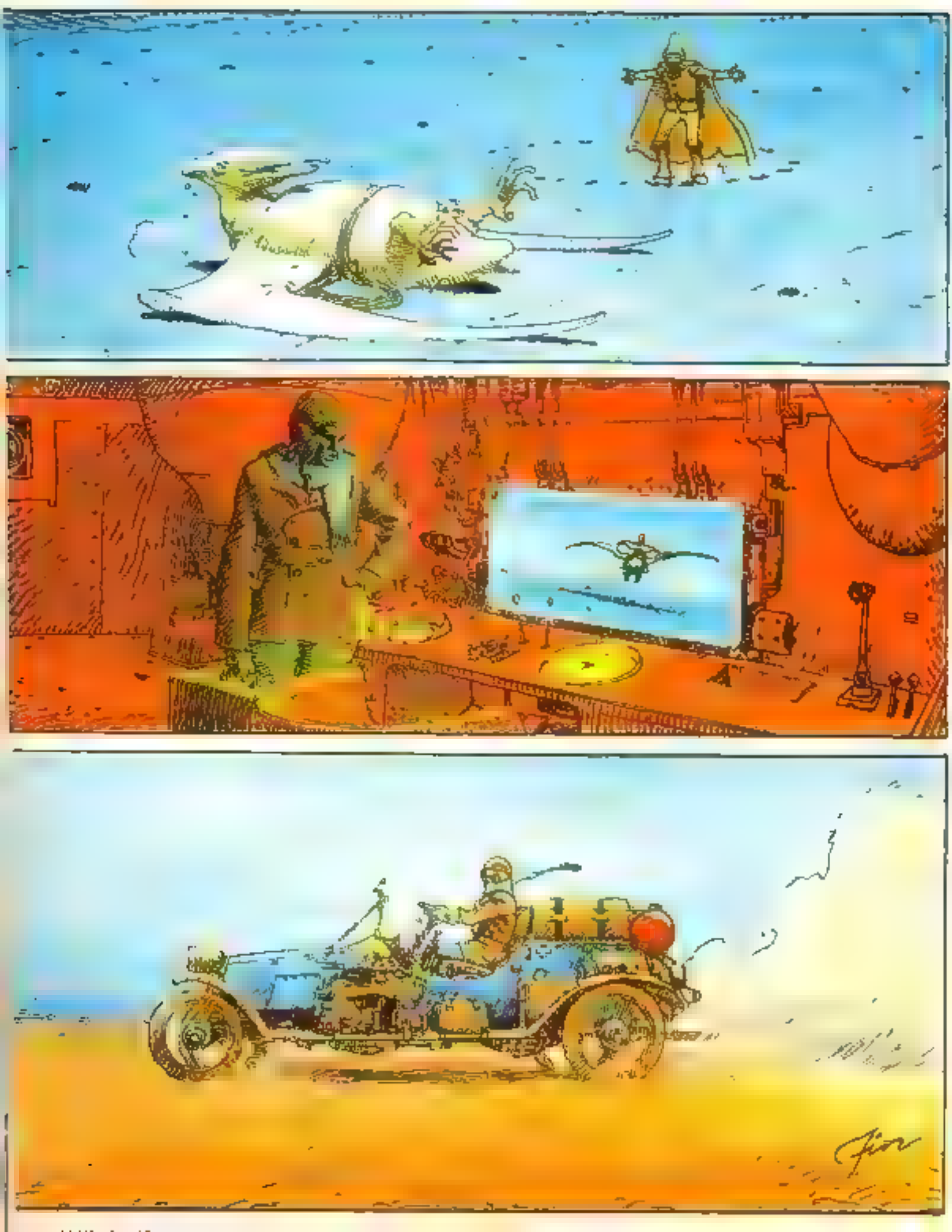




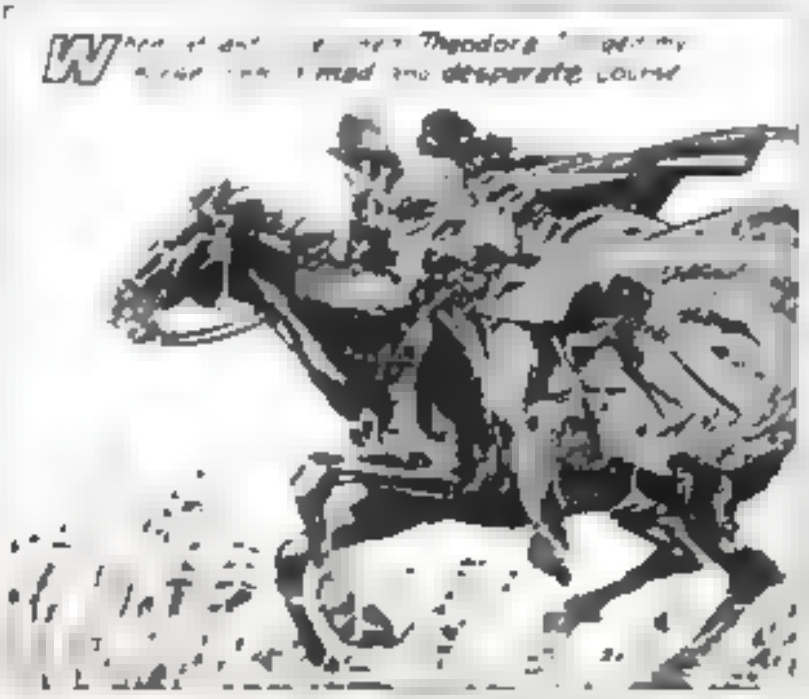




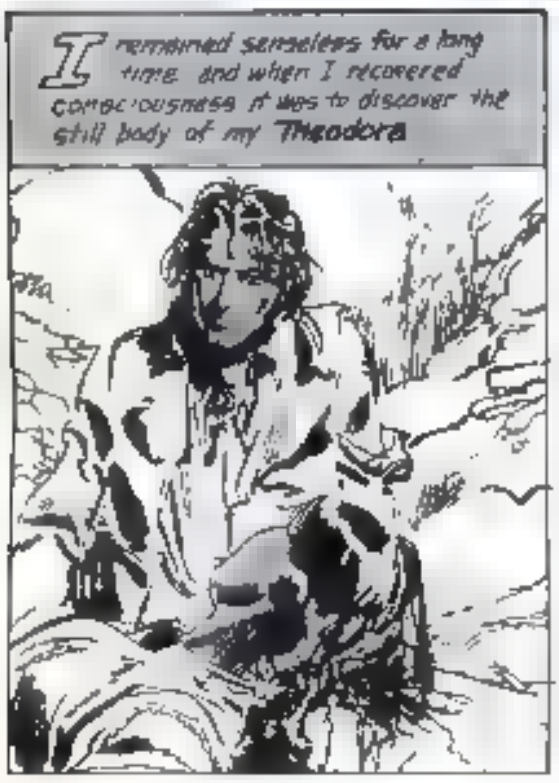


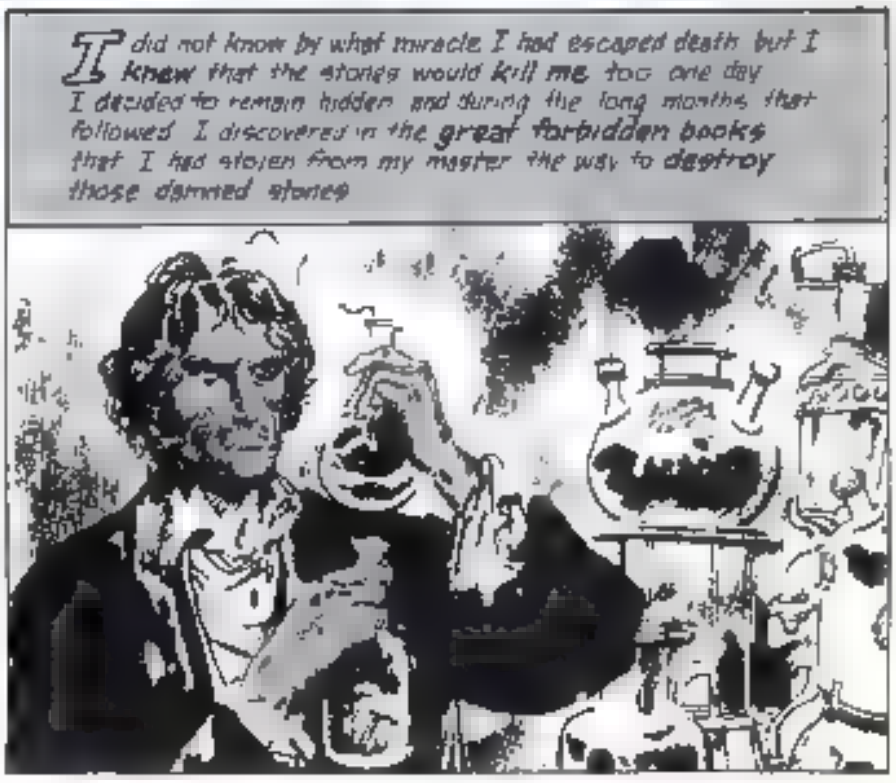


At last we meet again thou damned wall, who of yore pursued me with hatred. Do you remember me? Do your very stones have any memory
For I, I remember
Theodora
never
steer away
and I fled to rejoin Theodora, Kulgenheim hurled after me an army of stones, a wall totally suffused

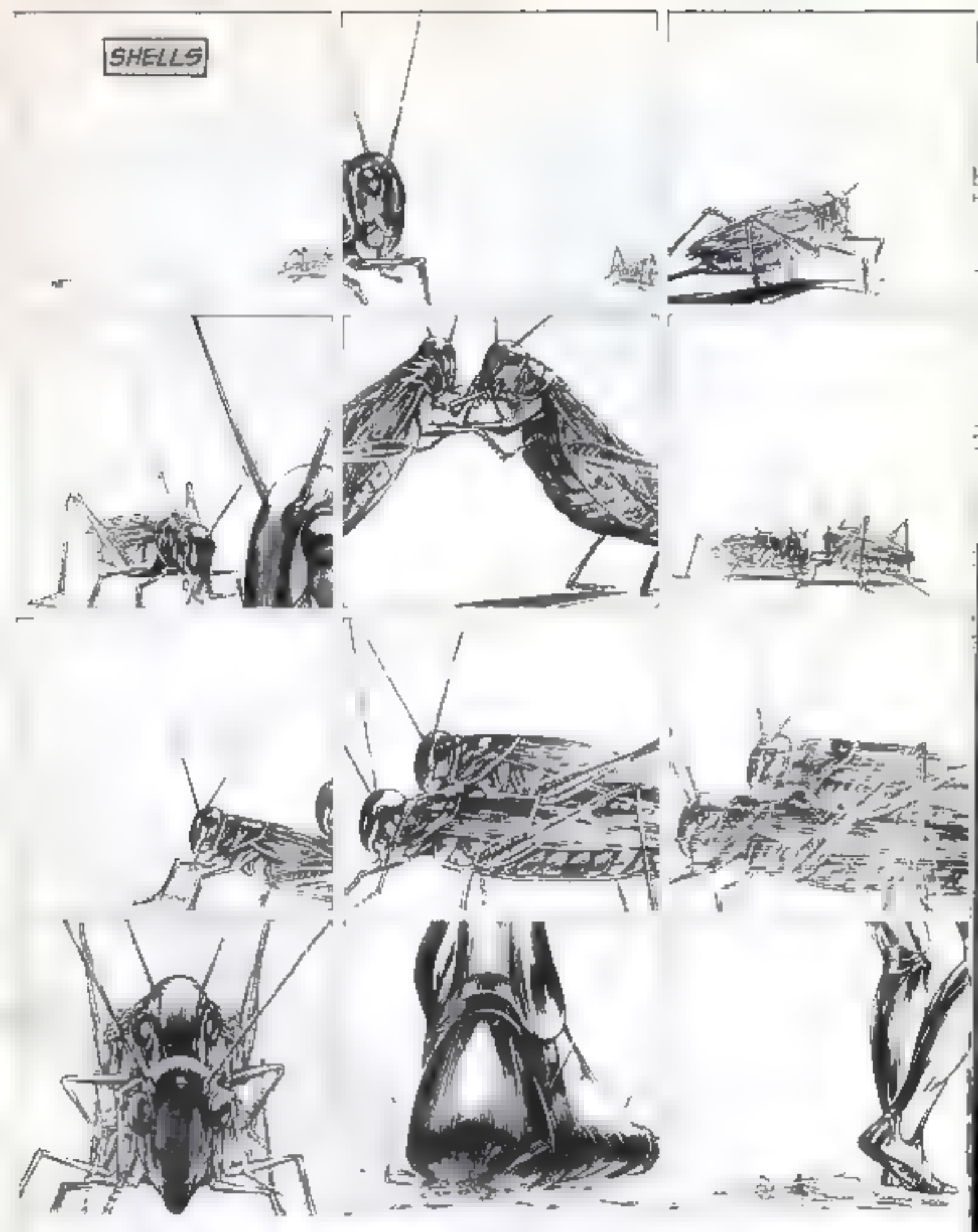


Because I know then that death lay in wait, hidden in every stone along our way.


I remained senseless for a long time and when I recovered consciousness it was to discover the still body of my Theodora


I did not know by what miracle I had escaped death but I knew that the stones would kill me too one day I decided to remain hidden and during the long months that followed I discovered in the great forbidden books that I had stolen from my master the way to destroy those damned stones

death to you. I shall revenge
Theodora ! I shall live ! I
shall kill you !
POW!


SHELLS

CATCH ME
IF YOU
CAN

LET S
PLUG IN

OFF!
WE CAN'T GO ON LIKE
WAS PEOPLE USED TO
LOOK AT THE TYLOMETER IT'S
EVERY 25 REIGNS
BUT THAT CAN CHANGE ANY TIME
AND WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO
ABOUT THE INSECTS?
THEY'RE SLEEPING NOW
WORTH TAKING THE CHANCE
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING? ARE YOU
CRAZY?

YOUR REAL EYES...YOUR MOUTH! IT'S DISGUSTING... BUT FASCINATING!
I WANT TO SEE YOUR EYES,NOW!
YOUR LIPS!
IT'S ALWAYS BEEN COVERED UP-- THAT'S WHY YOUR SKIN IS SO SOFT. AND I'M TOUCHING IT, FOR THE FIRST TIME!
IT'S SO EXCITING, IT ALMOST MAKES ME SICK.
I WANT TO TOUCH YOU ALL OVER...

NO!

FIN

Robert E. Howard
Richard Corben
Vaughn Bodé
Moebius
Ed Davis
Macedo
Druillet